

Children's Newspaper, July 23, 1927

The Noblest Roman Who Ever Ruled  
in England--See My Magazine

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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## A QUEEN AND HER RING

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### A NEW FOE IN THE FIELD?

#### ALAS, POOR STRAWBERRIES!

Is the Terrible Green-fly Setting  
Out on a New Conquest?

#### A GREAT-GRANDMOTHER A FEW DAYS OLD

By Our Natural Historian

It is disheartening at the end of one of the worst strawberry seasons ever known to learn that, for the first time in the knowledge of science, green-fly have been found taking up their homes on strawberry plants and draining the leaves of sap.

The proper name of these insects is Aphides, but we call them green-fly because that is the kind most commonly observed, though there are black, red, and other examples, and hardly a vegetable growth in our land is free from their attack; roses, apples, pears, sloes, cherries, grapes, beans, all manner of border flowers, are their victims. The invaders of the strawberry plants have been hailed with as much astonishment as dismay, for little is known of the species to which they belong, and their life-history has yet to be studied.

#### An Appalling Menace

The mere fact that any aphid has reached the strawberry plant at all is serious enough, however, for it is capable of bewilderingly rapid multiplication.

The eggs are laid in autumn, to hatch in spring, and then the new members give birth to young ones. A young green-fly born today may be a mother tomorrow, a grandmother the next day, and a great-grandmother within a week. Each succeeding generation becomes increasingly numerous, and the danger done by the insects is appalling.

They seem to have a marvellous organisation. While hosts attack the leaves and shoots of plants others delve into the earth and attack the roots. Then, after a series of wingless generations, a winged generation will arise and fly to an entirely different plant, on which new generations are born; and finally millions will troop back on gossamer wings to the same form of plant life from which the pioneers set out.

#### One Insect's Descendants

What if the invasion of the strawberries were the outcome of one of these unaccountable migrations, to end, in due season, in the visit of the enemy to some new food supply? Such variations from habit are always terrifying to students of Nature.

No such pest has greater power of multiplication than the aphid; the sum actually baffles human imagination. Professor Huxley showed that if all the green-fly from one such insect lived the fifteenth generation would be so numerous as to outweigh 500 million stout men. Alas, poor strawberries! E. A. B.

### The Conqueror's Queen



The 900th anniversary of the birth of William the Conqueror has just been celebrated at Falaise, his birthplace in Normandy, with a pageant representing his return after the Battle of Hastings. This picture shows Queen Matilda riding in the procession

### SEEDS FROM THE CLOUDS

#### The Good the Plane Can Do

Some of the papers have been giving rather depressing accounts of England's forest trees. Evidently there is a great need for still more tree-planting.

In a new park in New Orleans thousands of baby trees have been planted from an aeroplane. In two brief flights the seeds of oaks, little magnolias, and firs were dropped upon the land. They poured forth from the mouth of a grain sack, which was jogged by the airman by means of a rope which was attached to it.

The wind from the propeller scattered the seeds broadly, and the fall induced a velocity sufficient to bury them safely in the ground.

Time and labour were saved, and perhaps Englishmen will adopt this rapid and easy method of afforestation. Some of us would like to mount in a plane and scatter pine seeds on some poor barren hills we know. One particular hill was the enchanted wood of the writer's childhood, but was shaven and shorn in the war.

### THE CHEETAH GOES TO BED

#### Trying to be Friendly

A curious true story comes to us from Northern Rhodesia.

An Englishman living there tamed two cheetahs which became as tame as dogs, except that now and then they would go out and run down a buck with a fleetness that could hardly be matched by the greyhound.

One evening a missionary, tired and depressed, appeared at the Englishman's place, and went to bed in one of his host's huts. Breakfast was at seven. No missionary appeared.

"Tired; best leave him a bit," thought his host. He left it till nine, and as there was still no sign of his guest the Englishman went to look for him. To his great surprise he found the missionary lying flat on his back in bed, with one of the cheetahs, which had jumped in at the window, stretched on his body. The cheetah simply wished to be exceedingly friendly, but the missionary imagined he was a real savage leopard and was lying there in a state of terror!

### ONE ODD THING FROM THE WAR

#### QUEER STORY OF FASHION

How a Wood Vanished and So  
Leaped Into Popularity

#### A VOGUE IN FURNITURE

Fashions are extraordinarily fickle, and they have effects in curious ways and unexpected directions. The latest example of their almost unbelievable results crops up in the official proceedings arising out of the bankruptcy of a firm of timber merchants.

One of the causes leading to the bankruptcy, the Official Receiver states, is the change in the style of furniture from mahogany to walnut. Now, there is a tale of romance and tragedy behind this which few readers would suspect.

For some time following the war there was a famine in walnut. Walnut could not be had for love or money, as we say, in acceptable quantity; and none was seasoned ready for use.

#### Disguising Wood

A grown-up reader of the C.N. wanted a piece of furniture to match a walnut suite. By no means could he get it. "What we can do, sir," said the manager of a big shop, "is to make it up in a first-class mahogany and stain it to look like walnut." And that is what was done.

But why should there be this poverty in respect of one particular wood? The explanation given is that *all the seasoned walnut in the world had been used up to make the butts of rifles for the Great War*. So they disguised one precious wood to make it resemble another.

Now, as seasoned walnut was so scarce one would have thought that good wood which could easily be obtained would create a vogue for furniture made from such a source. But no; that is not the way of fashion. Walnut was scarce, dear, temporarily unobtainable, so people cried out for walnut! Hence walnut is apparently the indispensable wood for furniture today, as it has been from time to time in past generations; and the swing of fashion's pendulum has helped to bring one more firm to disaster.

### MOUNT EDITH CAVELL Memorial in the Heart of the Rockies

At the foot of Mount Edith Cavell, in the heart of the Canadian Rockies, a memorial service has regularly been held as the Fourth of August comes round.

Out of this custom has grown a proposal to build a church to Edith Cavell's memory. It will be on the shore of Lake Beauvert, in Jasper Park, opposite the mountain which bears her name.

The memorial will be modelled on Norwich Cathedral, where Nurse Cavell worshipped as a child and near which she now lies.



## SPORT AS BITTER FIGHTING

### AMERICAN ADVICE THAT WE MUST NOT FOLLOW

Where England Leads the World

#### PLAYING THE GAME

Time runs on, and already we have to look back on most of the sporting events which make summer joyous to the able-bodied and the athletic of spirit.

The Eton and Harrow and Varsity cricket matches, Henley, the Amateur Athletic Association championships, are already fading into the past, and Wimbledon is a thrilling memory. Cricket, king of all the games, remains for our delight, and its games are long enough to permit us a reverie over the other events.

If we tabulate results the Empire has not attained glory in point of honours won, except that highest of all honours, the courage to take a beating with chivalrous good nature on the track, on the river, and on the tennis court.

#### A Tennis Giant

The records of every manly sport are gemmed with shining names of Britons, but since the war our triumphs have admittedly been scanty, save in the spirit of things. One of our notable rivals, Tilden, the American tennis giant, is included among those who do not understand the British spirit. There are many young C.N. athletes who could enlighten him.

Writing in an English paper, Tilden tells us that English tennis is a "shame" to us so far as the game of our men is concerned, and complains that in the championship matches we never reveal the "bitter fighting spirit" of the American and French players. He urges us to catch our boys at school when they are 12 or 13 and train them to the pitch of efficiency in which, presumably, a bitter fighting spirit would be created.

It might be retorted that America, catching her future champions at the same age, should teach them to write better and more grammatical English than her present spokesman sometimes employs, and teach them also, a harder task, tact and good manners.

#### Fighting Spirit Not Wanted

But England does not want athletes who play their games in this bitter fighting spirit. We taught the whole world to play games, and to play them as games, not as ferocious mimic battles. We could not, in the American fashion, allow our public schools and universities to bribe young men into their colleges merely because those youngsters can jump, sprint, or run endurance races in exceptional times.

We do not want lads of promise to sacrifice all else—mental culture, social charm, and general knowledge of games, simply to concentrate on one sole feat, tennis, boxing, high jump, long jump, pole jump, hammer-throwing, distance swimming, a certain length on the track, and to live only for that one dull, narrow path to notoriety and a niche in the book of records.

#### Champions in Every Sport

We have had champions in every sport under the Sun, and we shall have champions again, but we shall demand of the new, as of the old, that they shall not conform to this American's idea of bitter fighting methods in sport.

Intimidation, unfriendliness, hatred of opponents, are the very elements that all true sportsmen most jealously exclude from the ethics of their pursuits. Championships set the standard for private tournaments and family encounters. What a bear-garden our courts, running tracks, and cricket fields would become if this spirit advocated by Tilden were allowed to prevail!

## PLATINUM HAS A GREAT FALL

### Rich Metal Comes Down in the World

#### ALMOST AS POOR AS GOLD

It is hard to come down in the world, as many of us know in these days.

Now platinum knows it. Platinum is the aristocrat of the metals, but can now command only a paltry £13 17s. 6d. an ounce. Barely £14, and once it was up to £40! If the downfall continues it may sink to the level of that showy metal gold, and be worth no more than a beggarly £4 or so an ounce troy.

Platinum might rightly hold itself superior to gold because it plays a useful part in science and in industry, and many electrical instruments and some chemical processes cannot get on without it. It is only because foolish humankind will always prize some things for their rarity more than for anything else about them that it has been made a competitor with gold in fashion of jewellery.

#### Looking for a Substitute

That was the first thing which sent its price up. The second was the war, because most of the platinum comes from Russia, and it became harder for the rest of the world to get it from that country. When the Soviet took charge of the mines the Bolsheviks did not see any reason for making it cheaper.

Nevertheless, its price began to fall a year or so ago till it was down to £25, and this year the price began to plunge still farther, because even Bolsheviks want money and had to sell it cheaper. But the most interesting reason for its fall is that scientific men, who are seldom among the rich of the Earth, have been casting about for something which will serve their purpose as well as this costly metal. They think they have found it in a cheap alloy, so they are ceasing to be bidders. It is hard to come down, but it is harder to be kept down, and that is what would happen to science if it were not always prepared to find new ways of getting on.

## LAX OF POPLAR TELLS HIS STORY

### The Baby Called Genius AND THE THREE HERRINGS IN A SLUM

A great worker in the East End has been writing his experiences.

He is known as Lax of Poplar. The christening of babies has been part of his task, and he remembers, one brought to him by a father who whispered, "Call him Genius."

"Do you mean brilliant?" said the padre incredulously. "Do you mean clever?"

"Yus, sir," was the firm reply.

"But does it occur to you that this child may be the biggest fool ever born?" softly breathed the minister, looking at the infant in his arms.

"I want to give him something to live up to. Carry on. Call him Genius, sir."

So the minister called him Genius. History, unfortunately, does not relate the future of the baby; whether he became a chapter in the history of genius or of imbecility we do not know.

Another Poplar father demanded that his child should be called Olive Branch, but the mother explained quickly that he meant Olive Blanche, and the situation was saved.

We like best, however, the little story of the coster who was loudly hawking fish on a very hot day in a slum street.

"Are they fresh?" asked one of Lax's friends, looking at three venerable specimens lying on a board.

"Fresh? What d'ye think? Just look at them," and, shaking his fist in the direction of the three sad-looking herrings, the undaunted coster shouted:

"Lie down, ye villains, lie down!"

## TUG-OF-WAR WITH A CHIMNEY

### Cracked from Top to Bottom

#### HOW A LORRY PULLED IT DOWN

It is easy enough to fell a chimney on open ground, but how is it to be done in a crowded town?

That was the problem that had to be faced after a fire and explosion at a paint works at Homerton in East London. The chimney was 120 feet high. It had been cracked from top to bottom, and was only held together by the coping work at the top.

The ordinary way to fell a chimney is to take bricks out at one side near the bottom, so that it topples over and falls practically its whole length on the ground. But this Homerton chimney was in the midst of a dense industrial area. If it were to fall at all it must fall within a few yards of its own base, and this is what was successfully achieved after many hours of anxious work.

To be on the safe side, however, a large area was cleared of people and surrounded by a police cordon. Then steeplejacks tied ropes half way up the chimney and attached the other ends to a motor-lorry. Then the lorry pulled—and the ropes snapped.

#### Steel Hawser Snapped

A steel hawser was substituted, and the steel hawser snapped. A thicker hawser was brought, and the gear of the lorry snapped.

Then a powerful tractor was substituted for the lorry, but the tractor could not move. A road was cleared for it, and it took a run in the hope that a sudden jerk would do the business. But instead of the tractor jerking the chimney the chimney jerked the tractor right off its hind wheels! The hawser tore the skylights off some sheds and nearly cut through a brick wall a foot in thickness.

The final and successful effort was made with a six-ton lorry loaded with sand to prevent it from "kicking." Down came the upper half of the chimney, and a column of dust shot up a hundred feet into the air amid the cheers of the thousands assembled outside the cordon. *Picture on page 12*

## FROM COBBLER'S LAST TO BISHOP'S THRONE

### A Shoemaker's Great Career

The newly-appointed Archbishop of Ontario, Dr. David Williams, has a wonderful story to tell.

He began life as a shoemaker. His parents were poor folk who lived in Lampeter, Cardiganshire, and their boy had to begin work as soon as he left school. But he was much more interested in books than in boots, and he spent all his spare time in reading. Not a penny did he spend on the little luxuries, vanities, and treats that eat into the wages of most young workmen. He saved and saved till he was able to enter St. David's College, Lampeter, and afterwards he went to Oxford.

The youth of 22, whose hands were still rough with work at the cobbler's bench, covered himself with honours, and when he expressed a wish to be ordained the scholars felt that his learning and character would enrich the Church. Shortly after he had taken orders he went to Canada, where he has done noble work.

It is good to realise that David Williams began life without money or powerful friends, and that today, as it was in the past, a prince of the Church may also be a working-man from the same rank in life as Peter the fisherman.

## NEARLY NINETY-NINE

### A Brave Lady's Story

### THE HEROIC SPIRIT IN THE MUTINY

Margaret Diana Barnes is dead, and a page of history has been turned.

She was born in 1829, and at 27 she married George Carnac Barnes, Commissioner of the Umballa Division of the Punjab.

The young bride had only been in India a few months when the Mutiny broke out. She was then at the hill station of Kasauli, but it was soon left defenceless by the withdrawal of the troops. At all costs the Grand Trunk Road had to be guarded, and Barnes devoted himself to this duty.

Meanwhile his wife, as chief lady, ruled at Kasauli. There were no soldiers, and the little English colony constantly heard terrible rumours of plot and massacre, but Mrs. Barnes inspired the other women by her courage, and made the natives marvel at the sense she showed in improving the methods of communication, provisioning, and defence.

#### For Her Children's Sake

In the midst of these terrible times Mrs. Barnes was making baby clothes, and her eldest son was born before peace was restored. Five years after her marriage she lost her husband through fever, and her third child was born a fortnight afterwards. To face all this needed more courage than was needed to face a siege, but for her children's sake she summoned that courage to her aid and took up life anew.

When she died the other day she was in her 99th year. Up to the last she was a public-spirited woman, deeply interested in progress and politics, and never allowed herself to be for one moment a self-pitying invalid mourning for the good old days.

## PETS AND PESTS

We hear from Australia that at Coonabarabran, in New South Wales, two young men have made £400 in five weeks by trapping rabbits and selling the skins.

A young boy only ten years old is said to have made £20 in his two weeks' holiday from the skins of the rabbits he had trapped.

The rabbit was first imported to Australia from England as a pet. It has now become the chief national pest. The farmers and men on the land spend thousands of pounds annually trying to get rid of it. Hundreds are killed every year and fortunes made from the money obtained from the skins, yet the rabbits still number millions.

## THINGS SAID

Hurry up, slow coach!

*Piccadilly policeman to Major Segrave*

Beautiful speech should be a habit.

*Mrs. Patrick Campbell*

For about a hundred thousand years man used the same stone tool.

*Dr. L. S. Palmer, F.R.S.*

The Press is the greatest agency in the world for promoting peace.

*Mr. T. P. O'Connor*

I imagine the letter files of no other man in England can vie with mine.

*Archbishop of Canterbury*

The menace of a disreputable journal is more dangerous than the menace of a foreign power. *Mr. George S. Arundale*

Those who present the world's news exercise an incalculable influence for good or harm. *Sir Rowland Blades*



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## A BIRD OF PARADISE IN TOWN

### THE FIRST OF ITS KIND IN EUROPE

A Splendid Piece of Living  
Pageantry from the Tropics

#### FABLE AND FACT

By Our Natural Historian

The London Zoo has from time to time had the finest collection in existence of Birds of Paradise, and it lately attained the supreme satisfaction of possessing the first ever seen in Europe of the species named in honour of the man who introduced them into England.

That is the Wallace Bird of Paradise, and it commemorates Alfred Russel Wallace, scientist, traveller, and partner with Darwin in the discovery of the origin of species.

It is hopeless to attempt a description of the Zoo's paradise birds, to which the Wallace species is now added. These birds represent Nature's highest yet in exquisite coloration, luxuriance of ornamental plumes, gorgeous, even fantastic and eccentric, display of sheeny, metallic marvels of feathering of every conceivable hue, pattern, and arrangement.

#### Birds of the Sun

Wallace was the first Englishman to see them in their native haunts, for he spent eight years in quest of them in the Malay Archipelago and elsewhere, and a rare tangle of fables he found.

When the first Portuguese voyagers reached the Moluccas in search of the precious spices Malayan traders gave them skins of birds so lovely as to pass belief, especially when the visitors were told that the creatures themselves were God's Birds. The skins lacked feet or wings, and the Portuguese thought such limbs were unnecessary to what they named Birds of the Sun.

From this these wonders came to be known as Birds of Paradise, for a famous scholar wrote a Latin description of them under that name and gravely set down the statement that the birds were never seen alive, for they lived entirely in the air, always turning toward the Sun and never alighting on the Earth till they were dead.

#### The Great Crow Tribe

So the legends grew till the great Linnaeus, who began the systematic classification of Nature, called them Footless Paradise Birds; and all writers copied the error for a century to come.

In reality these gorgeous creatures are the most astounding development of the great crow tribe! Wallace found them earthly enough when, giving £100 for a live pair at Singapore, he set off home with them to the Zoo. They were wonderful birds, though not the species Wallace himself discovered. They had amazing appetites.

He had to break his journey at Bombay to lay in a store of bananas; then on the ship he had difficulty in getting cockroaches and had to go trapping every night in the storerooms and fore-castle to catch a few dozen, which the two birds gobbled up at a meal.

#### An Adventurous Journey

At Malta he stayed a fortnight, cock-roaching in a bakehouse, and did not leave until he had secured several biscuit-tinfuls for the voyage home. A bitterly cold wind blew all along the Mediterranean; and during the land journey from Marseilles to Paris there was a sharp frost. Never did birds have a more adventurous journey, yet they thrive like crows in our own farm fields, and lived two years at the Zoo, the first ever seen alive in Europe. Since then, 65 years ago, the supply has been fairly constant, yet never had we had one of the species Wallace himself discovered.

One has arrived at last, and we must remember and honour that great man as we stand before it at the Zoo. E.A.B.

## THE HOLIDAYS BEGIN



A big jump on the sands at Bournemouth



The happy builders of a sand castle



An imaginary ride on an old anchor



A busy day for the donkeys at Falmouth



Ring-o'-roses in the surf on a warm day

The holiday season will soon be in full swing, and children all over the country are looking forward to happy days at the seaside. These pictures show some of the boys and girls who are already enjoying themselves by the sea

## SUFFER THE LITTLE ONES

### HOW CHRISTIANITY SAVED THE BABIES

An Age-Old Problem Comes  
Up in the Arctic

#### CANADA TO THE RESCUE

It may seem fanciful to turn from the savage practices of Arctic Eskimos to Shakespeare and the classical days of Greece and Rome, yet such is the course to which the mind is driven by events in farthest Canada.

The decrease of wild game has brought famine in its train, and has driven Eskimo mothers to kill or forsake their babies, leaving them to die of cold and neglect because they cannot rear them. This appalling evil is being checked by the opening of a refuge to which impoverished Eskimo mothers may take their infants.

The tragedy lying behind these events shocks humanity today, yet it is one of the oldest and most widespread customs, not restricted to savage peoples, but practised even by the Greeks and by the Romans in the height of their power.

#### A World-Wide Tragedy

Moses, in his little ark of rushes, was exposed in the hope of saving him, but tens of thousands of infants were deliberately killed or exposed to death or sold into slavery century after century, age after age. Parents could not afford to rear them, or they did not want the responsibility, and the crime went on almost unnoticed, always uncondemned, through all lands and eras.

What the Eskimo mothers have been doing Shakespeare makes King Leontes do in *The Winter's Tale*, where little Perdita is sent out into the desert to be exposed to wild beasts and the elements. Actual history teems with such crimes. Legend, myth, romance, poetry, drama, grew up about this horrible practice, and volumes have been written tracing its progress and its gradual suppression. It was Christianity which put an end to it.

#### Christianity to the Rescue

Christianity saved the babies. It suppressed the gladiatorial combats in the arenas and the murder of children in the home. Paganism in all its intellectual glory had looked with indifference, or even with approval, on both these things; Christianity said "Here is not only a human body to cherish but an immortal soul to save."

Infanticide, though long afterwards practised in secret, became an offence punishable with death, but complete salvation for the babies came only when Christianised nations did for themselves what Canada is now doing for the Eskimos, opened refuges where starving parents could find food and shelter for their hapless infants.

## IN TOUCH WITH ALL AGES

### The Wonder of Journalism

The romance that persists in journalism, through the wide publicity it gives, is constantly astonishing those who are engaged in it. It brings us in touch with all places and all ages.

In one of the parts of the Children's Treasure House we gave the romantic story of the great Dutch writer on international law, Hugo Grotius, the man whose writings laid the first foundations of the work now being done through the League of Nations.

Grotius published 302 years ago his book on laws that should operate between nation and nation. No sooner did our sketch of his fine, heroic life appear than we received a charming letter from the wife of one of his descendants, now of British nationality.

It brings a thrill when we think that this is just the same as if the letter had been from a descendant of Shakespeare, or Milton, or Pascal, or Cervantes.



## HAVRE SENDS OUT A NEW LINER

### THE WONDERFUL ISLE OF FRANCE

A Look Back on a Birthday in a Great Harbour

### SHIPS NOW AND THEN

The seaport of Havre has just witnessed one of those great sights that attract large crowds. The Isle of France has left the harbour for the first time; it is the largest of all French liners, and is sailing to New York.

It is 63 years since the Transatlantic Company started its mail steamers between Havre and New York; it was on June 20, 1864, that the Washington left the harbour for America. Up to that time no regular service had existed between France and the United States. There were a few shipping companies who vied with one another and only sailed when a certain number of passengers was assured.

#### The Rival Captains

The trip in those sailing-ships lasted 45 days, it is true, but people were used to it, and took it as a matter of course. Each captain tried to lure passengers with descriptions of the advantages of his craft. One would declare: "This ship, the best now running, is lined and pegged with copper, and affords all manner of conveniences, among which are the facts that all cabins are provided with lock and key and that the ship has an English-speaking captain." Another would boast of "the rare advantage of providing passengers with sleeping accommodation," a favour indeed in those days, when passengers were usually expected to provide their own bedding.

#### A Floating Masterpiece

On the early steamers passengers were not much better off than on sailing-vessels, with cramped space, little light, no air, and miserable oil-lamps. The water was dealt out in very small rations, ten quarts a day per head for drinking, cooking, and washing. Baths were out of the question unless under a doctor's prescription.

What ground has had to be covered, what labour expended, what faith sustained, to reach the degree of perfection of the Isle of France, a masterpiece of art and science! The new liner is 723 feet long. She displaces 43,550 tons. The four turbines of 52,000 horse-power give her a speed of 34 knots. Mazout is used for fuel. The crew numbers 800 men and the passengers 1689. The ship cost 150 million francs.

#### Like a Bit of France

The ship's greatest triumph is that it has been so designed as to make the traveller forget he is on a ship. The minute he leaves the deck there is nothing to remind him of it. He goes from the palatial dining-room to halls and sitting-rooms without any suggestion of the sea about them. The choice of materials, their weight and bulk, the dimensions of the rooms, the height of the ceilings, everything has been provided to make passengers forget that they have left their homes. Huge pillars, marble columns, ceilings, diffused lights, all contribute to the illusion.

A book would be necessary to describe fully the comfort and luxury of this great liner. The most remarkable effect to note is perhaps the place where from the top deck you can look down a kind of well to the fourth deck. It gives the impression of the central square of a small town, with vistas into its adjoining streets; it centres the life of the boat; it is a place to go to for a walk.

The huge liner is like a bit of French land detached from France. May it spread from shore to shore of the Atlantic some of its Motherland's love of light and beauty and simplicity.

## THE DREARY BEGINNING

### And the Happy Ending AN ARTIST'S ROMANTIC STORY

Armand Guillaumin, the Impressionist painter and great friend of Cézanne, has just died in Paris. His life-story is like a romantic novel.

Guillaumin loved drawing and painting as a child, but the family was too poor to pay the fees of an Art School or supply Guillaumin with canvases and paints. He had to find work as an employee of the Roads and Bridges Department. His wages were pitifully low and his work was very dull, but the shabby, ill-fed man found happiness later on when he was able to pay five francs a month and join an academy.

Among the other poor students who came to this studio were men who are now famous, Cézanne, Renoir, Claude Monet, and Pissarro. Guillaumin made friends with these budding painters, and envied them because they were going to be artists, and he could never hope for such joy. Instead of giving his life to art he could only give a few hours when his work at the office was over.

Then came an extraordinary stroke of fortune. In one day Guillaumin won two prize bonds of the City of Paris and suddenly found himself the owner of £6000.

After all, the dream of his childhood came true. He said goodbye to the office and its drudgery, and wandered about the countryside painting landscapes. He was specially well known for his studies of the mountains of the Creuse.

The painter was forty when his good fortune came, and when he died the other day he was 87. Life had been very good to him after a dreary beginning.

## VILLAGE BLACKSMITH OF GLOUCESTERSHIRE

### And the Wonders He Can Do

There is a man living in Gloucestershire today who would probably have been burned for being a sorcerer if he had lived in the Middle Ages.

The wonder-worker is Mr. J. C. Price, the teetotal blacksmith of Bearland, who is 44. He has been champion weight-lifter of England, and wins a tug-of-war when he pulls alone against ten other men. He can drive nails into wood with his bare hand. Strangest of all, he cannot be strangled! When a rope noose is put round his neck with a slip knot and two men pull on it with all their might, he can prevent the cord from tightening simply by exerting the powerful muscles of his throat.

This accomplishment alone would have convinced our superstitious ancestors that Mr. Price was in league with demons, and they would have burned him lest he should bewitch them.

## ANOTHER BLOW AT SLUMS

### Edinburgh Does a Great Thing

Edinburgh has done a great thing. It has said that the people of its slums shall come out of those dark and hopeless dwellings into homes worthy of the name.

Before pulling down the slums in the St. Leonard district the Corporation will build 600 new dwellings in the beautiful district of Prestonfield.

The houses and the ground will cost £250,000, but it will be a wise investment in good citizens. Children born in houses that are healthy and good to look upon are bound to grow up better than children born in filth and squalor.

One of the pleasantest things about the scheme is that not an old tree in the woody district of Prestonfield is to be felled, and the new homes will spring up among green boughs. So Edinburgh gives the world a lead: let us all follow it.

## AN ICEBERG COMING ON Captain Scott's Old Ship in its Path

### SAVED IN THE NICK OF TIME

Captain Scott's old ship *Discovery*, refitted for research work in the Southern Seas, has had a narrow escape from destruction by an iceberg.

Sixteen days from the South African coast a towering iceberg was seen drifting toward the ship, but her engines were not powerful enough to carry her clear, and Captain Stenhouse sent men aloft to unfurl the topsails. The sails were frozen, and it was desperate work.

On came the iceberg, and its towering wall began slowly to fall toward the ship. The men aloft dared not look up, but worked feverishly at their task. At last the sail was set, and her extra way just enabled the *Discovery* to clear herself before the iceberg toppled over, and its summit disappeared at the spot she had passed a moment ago, raising a great wave as it sank.

## SHELLS AND BELLS Music from Loughborough Round the World

In one part of the industrial Midlands they are making flame shells; in another they are making bells.

We do not know for whom the shells are intended; but the bells are for China, for Shanghai! We hope they will reach their destination safely, and mark the opening days of a happier era in that sorely-troubled land.

They are intended for the tower of the new Custom House at Shanghai, and are a copy of the set in the Clock Tower at Birmingham University. It is good to know that the firm which is making them at Loughborough is making carillons for various parts of the world, for the carillon is one of the most beautiful forms of bell music.

One carillon is being made for Albany City Hall, New York, and will be a replica of the famous Bruges carillon. Another, of 49 bells, is for Sydney; and a third, the largest order for bells ever placed at one time, is for the Florida home of a wealthy American.

It is pleasant to think how far these bells from Loughborough will spread their music through the world. We should all be living in a happier world if those who made shells made bells instead.

## THE FINEST ENGINE Something To Be Proud Of

England has just produced what is claimed to be the finest and most powerful locomotive in the world.

It is called King George V, and was designed by Mr. C. B. Collett for the Great Western Railway. The workmen employed on its manufacture were all sworn to secrecy, and the engine is something entirely new and astonishing.

The King George V, it is said, can draw a full load up a steep gradient at 100 miles an hour. Its construction marks a tremendous advance in railway engineering. Probably this wonderful locomotive will be sent to America for exhibition. We have reason to be proud of having produced such a magnificent monster.

## TWO MANSFIELDS

Mansfield in Nottinghamshire is celebrating the 700th anniversary of the granting of its Market Charter and its 550th July Fair.

Mansfield in Massachusetts is keenly interested in this celebration in its namesake town, and the Town Manager of the American town is sending bunting and a banner of greeting.

## THE TOWN THAT IS NOT

### A COMEDY OF MAPS

Where is Los Dessagues in the Department of San Justo?

### A PLACE THAT WAS INVENTED

*£5 Reward. Lost, stolen, or strayed a town that belongs to Cordoba, with post office, schools, and fire-fighting brigade, and constables keeping it sober. Its mistress, who treated it kindly and well, is grieved by this wandering habit, so if you should see a stray city about pray whistle it near and then grab it.*

We do not know if some announcement like this has been posted up all over the Argentine Republic, but we do know that an Argentine town has been lost. There has been no earthquake, or landslide, or tidal wave to account for its disappearance.

The name of the lost town is Los Dessagues, and it ought to be situated in the Department of San Justo, but it is not. The best maps and the best magnifying-glasses will not reveal the secret of its whereabouts.

#### Not on the Maps

Of course, towns, villages, and cities have disappeared mysteriously before. The poets love to write about Atlantis, whose towers are said to lie far below the keels of ocean liners, and every North countryman knows that there is a walled city at the bottom of Lake Semmerwater, and that it was hurled to its doom because the citizens once refused charity to a starving beggar. Yet there is no legend to explain why Los Dessagues has vanished like the Cheshire Cat in Alice in Wonderland, leaving only a smile behind.

Unbelievers have suggested that Los Dessagues never did exist. What is the evidence for its existence? Well, it is not to be found on the maps, but it figures in many official documents, for money has been allotted every year to the upkeep of its municipal institutions, and all its Civil Servants have been drawing their salaries regularly. Surely that is proof enough!

#### The Lost Town

About a year ago Deputy Luis Osses of the Provincial Legislature of Cordoba in the Argentine Republic became suspicious. He discovered the town's name recurring on official salary lists, and was inquisitive enough to look it up in the index of an atlas, without success. Since then he has been looking for Los Dessagues everywhere, and now he declares that the town must have been invented by some corrupt minister who is pocketing the salaries of its schoolmasters, policemen, and fire brigade.

It is very sad, and the Legislature must feel as shocked as Sairey Gamp felt when someone questioned the reality of Mrs. Harris. There seems no hope that the cleverest detectives or the keenest bloodhounds will ever run the town to earth, and it will probably go down in history as Lost Dessagues.

## UP ABOVE AND DOWN BELOW

### The Steeplejack Afraid

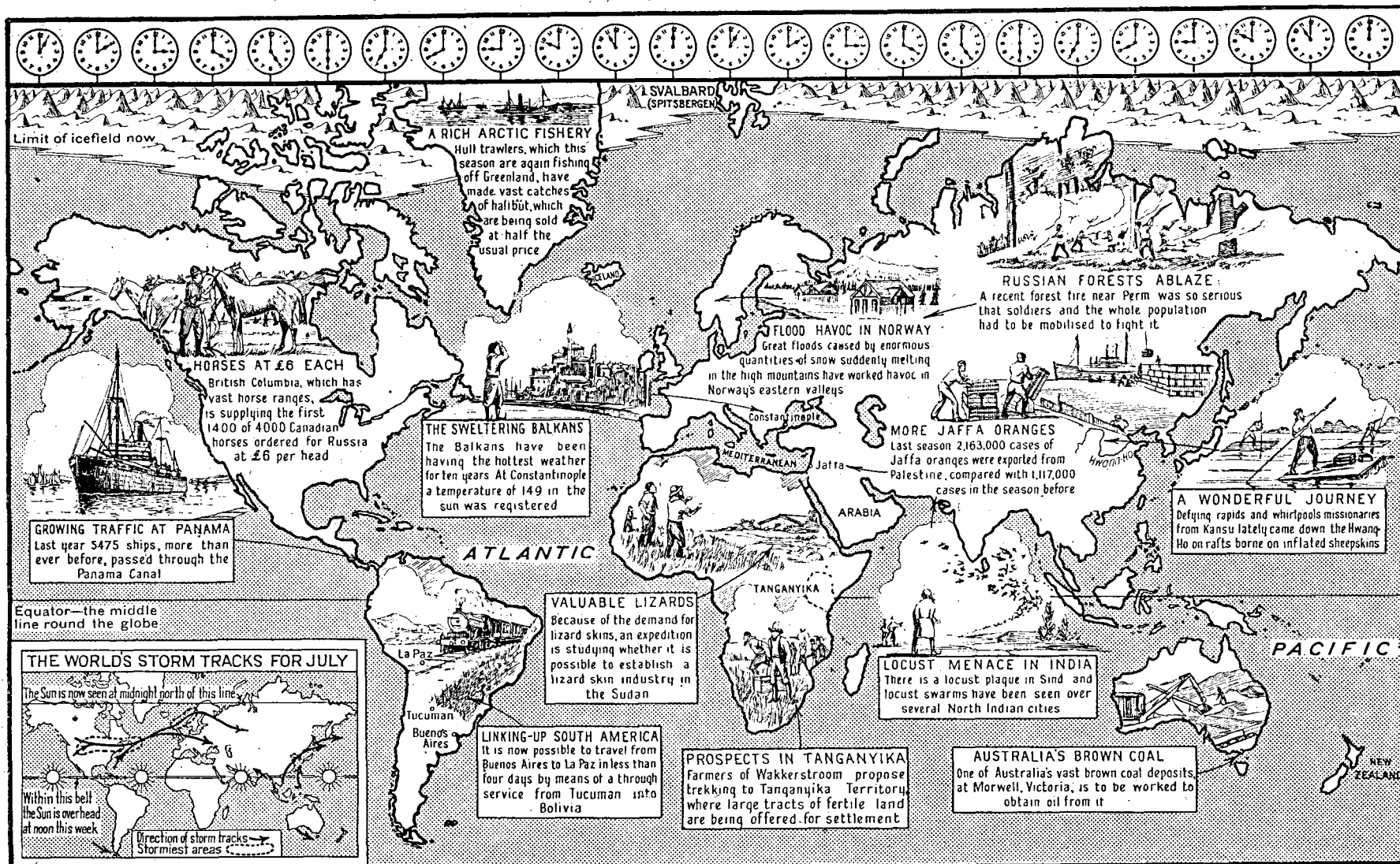
A C.N. reader sends us the story of an incident he witnessed at the Bushey Heath Waterworks the other day.

A steeplejack had just been up a giddy height on the great chimney there, casually performing the duties of his trade. When he came down the foreman asked him to accompany two of his men on some repairing work down one of the wells.

The steeplejack was terrified, and begged to be let off. He would go as high above ground as the foreman liked, but he dared not for his life descend below ground, however short a distance.



# PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



## ROUND THE WORLD IN A CUTTER

### M. Gerbault Beats the Pacific

From Cannes to Thursday Island in a ten-ton cutter 40 feet long: that is the latest record of M. Alan Gerbault, of whom C.N. readers have often heard.

He set out in his tiny Firecrest in 1923, taking 142 days to reach Long Island. After a year's rest he crept down the North American coast, crossed the Caribbean Sea, made the passage of the Panama Canal, and threaded his way among the South Pacific islands to Thursday Island.

This little trip has charmed him so greatly that he means to return to the Pacific for the rest of his days.

But that will only be after the Firecrest has completed her circle of the globe. What lies immediately ahead is the passage of the Indian Ocean to Mauritius, the loneliest part of the whole trip, over 5500 miles. Then ho! for the Cape, St. Helena, Gibraltar, and Marseilles, which M. Gerbault hopes to reach next summer.

## UNCLAIMED DIVIDENDS The Canadians and the War Medals

Canada has kept her Dominion Day and returned to work, which, after all, is Canada's way.

Nothing shows that more than the Canadian war medals. The Dominion sent her best men to help in the Great War. They helped nobly, and many of that gallant contingent will return no more to the land of lake and forest and wheatfield, for they sleep at Passchendaele or on Vimy Ridge. But of those who came and those who returned seventy thousand have never claimed their war medals.

Their work was done. They helped to make the world free for the democracy of the workers—and all they ask now is to get on with their work.

## THE FIRST SHOT IN THE CIVIL WAR

### The Man Who Fired It

Only the other day there died a man who claimed that he fired the first shot in the American Civil War.

Perhaps he made the claim sadly, for although he did not make the war it must have troubled him to think that he began the greatest war ever fought to prop up slavery.

Colonel Henry Saxon Farley served under General Lee in the Confederate forces. The war opened with the Confederate attack on Fort Sumter on April 12, 1861. It was at 4.30 in the morning that Farley pulled the lanyard of a 13-inch mortar and so started the attack on the North.

Colonel Farley survived his commander, General Lee, by 57 years. It is 62 years since the General capitulated and the warring States of America were reunited after the Slave War.

## A LITTLE WATER FOR THE ENGINE What It Will Do

A discovery has been made which has caused wide interest in the engineering world.

It is that rubber bearings lubricated with plain water can do all that oiled gun-metal or other bearings can do, and that oil for lubrication can be dispensed with.

Rubber bearings have now been tested on heavy machines running 5000 revolutions a minute. A particle of grit simply rolls across the rubber until it is removed by the water, which runs through a fine groove in the bearing.

Lubricating oil is used in machinery in thousands of tons, and some qualities of it are very expensive. The new system, discovered and perfected by two English engineers, may lead to all kinds of changes in high-speed machinery, such as ship's turbines, and so on, bringing about big changes in the running costs.

## BIRDS UNAFRAID

### Their Queer Nesting-Places

A nest has been built in a Midlands village on the back of a door, in such a position that as the door came and went upon its hinges the nest expanded and contracted. All this happened without disturbing the young birds.

In a Nottinghamshire garden a thrush built a nest and reared a family in the heart of a cauliflower.

We hear from Enfield Chase that a robin built its nest inside a nursery. The nest was inside a toy stable on a shelf about six feet from the ground, and five young birds were hatched. The room was used by three children and a nurserymaid, and a gramophone was frequently playing. The birds paid no attention to the occupants of the room or to two puppies sleeping there, and they did not seek to leave, though the window was open day and night.

## THE SAFETY FIRST RAILWAY

### The Train That Will Not Start

The trains on the Paris underground railways are now being fitted with an ingenious invention by which it will be impossible for them to leave the station unless all the doors are closed and locked.

No signal to start will be given by the guard; he will simply press a button. Unless everything is in order the electric motors will not respond to the starting-handle.

## Pronunciations in This Paper

Grotius . . . . .	Gro-she-us
Kansu . . . . .	Kahn-soo
Linnaeus . . . . .	Lin-ne-us
Moluccas . . . . .	Mo-luk-kahs
Monet . . . . .	Mo-nay
Trajan . . . . .	Tray-jan
Tucuman . . . . .	Too-koo-mahn

## PITY A POOR POET

### Starving With His Dreams

Two pathetic letters written eighty years ago by Wigan's poet son John Critchley Prince have been received by the Public Library of Wigan.

Though Prince became famous in his early thirties on the publication of his *Hours with the Muses*, he remained poverty-stricken all his life, and he lived to be nearly 60.

In the first of the two letters he explained to the editor of a Stockport newspaper that *Hours with the Muses* was the property of his publisher, but that his next volume, *Dreams and Realities*, would be his own. The editor, he said, had been kind enough to advance him nine shillings. Would he increase this to the price of ten copies of *Dreams and Realities* at the bookseller's price, and send the poet the balance?

Alas! the second letter shows that when the time came to deliver the ten copies it could not be done.

"I feel great pain and anxiety (says poor Prince) respecting the little affair between us. The truth is I am in an awful fix, as the Yankees say. My printer, a soulless, inconsiderate man, has only let me have a few copies of my book, and refuses to let me have more till I pay him £10, a thing I am utterly unable to do, although he received more than £30 before the book was printed. Without my books it is impossible for me to pay my way and release myself from my difficulties."

So hard it was to be a poet then; and there are poets who think it not much easier now!

## Last Month's Weather

LONDON	RAINFALL
Hours of sun . . . 161	Gorleston . . 4'56 ins.
Total rainfall 2'63 ins.	Tynemouth . 3'93 ins.
Dry days . . . 14	Liverpool . 3'74 ins.
Wet days . . . 16	Falmouth . 3'42 ins.
Warmest day . 16th	Dublin . 2'95 ins.
Coldest day . 26th	Aberdeen . 2'51 ins.



## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JULY 23

1927

Fame in the Morning  
Early

To wake up famous—is there a boy anywhere who has not dreamed that some day, somehow, that glorious thing might happen to him?

A boy's thoughts are long, long thoughts, and it never seems impossible. As he grows older he may begin to have his doubts. There are so many things he has to do on the way and so many other people pressing along it. It seems such a toilsome road to fame. But it was always so.

Shakespeare had some fame in London, and the men of his time who were nearest to him in fame knew him as the greatest among them; but when he died, a country gentleman at Stratford, there was no great stir. It was a hundred years before his fame arose to spread like light in ever-widening circles round the world. Milton had a mere pittance of fame while he lived, and Oliver Cromwell had to wait two centuries before his name was rescued from the infamy into which it fell at his death.

These names are not the only ones. Any boy who knows his history can tell of great men who were little thought of while they lived and had to wait for payment for what they did till life was near its close; and sometimes fame came not even then.

Yet some there were who were glorious and honoured in their lives, and to most of those their reward came early. The Romans said that those whom the gods loved died young; we are sure it is true that those whom Fame loves live young.

It is as true now as ever it was, perhaps truer, for fame spreads so quickly now to every land. We have seen it come in a day and a night, as it came to Lindbergh. He flew across the Atlantic, and the Old World and the New World rose to greet him.

It is certain that we cannot all be Lindberghs, but the Temple of Fame has many riches, and doors that open very wide.

Sometimes we may ruefully think that the fame which is won so easily may be as swiftly lost and its winner forgotten, but the glory which comes from triumphs of skill and nerve is not the only goal that beckons to youth. There are early risers in all the walks of life. Half our famous men won their laurels young.

There is yet another kind of fame, which is best of all, for it is the triumph of the soul. That may come to anyone at any moment of their lives. It came to Grace Darling, and Florence Nightingale, and Nurse Cavell, and to that very gallant gentleman who met his death in the Antarctic snows. It may come to anyone who does good by stealth and lives to blush to find it fame.



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



## A Guinea Waiting

WE see that the Boys' Brigade is appealing for funds. If the Boy Brigaders who stole our daffodils and trampled down our new-sown grass will call to see the Editor he will give them a few words and a guinea.

## The Artist and the Fly

THEY still tell this story in Poland of how the famous Kosciuszko won a prize at school.

He was entering for a drawing competition at Warsaw, and just before the drawings went up to the examiner he drew a squashed fly on his sheet. The professor looked at them all. "The best drawing is undoubtedly Kosciuszko's (he said), but he will not get the prize because there is a squashed fly on his paper."

Kosciuszko asked the professor to look a little closer at the fly, and was given the prize.

## A Crow to Pick at Colombo

A LETTER from Colombo tells us that even to that green and happy land there are visitors to the port who think that the chief value of a bird flying in the air is the opportunity it offers as a target.

Colombo sets a high value on its crows. Like the kites in India (and a century ago in Old Paris), they are the scavengers of the place, and, while they do a great deal of good, they do nobody any harm. But it seems that some thoughtless officers of a warship, having nothing else to bang at, amused themselves by potting the crows that were circling above the ship while she lay in port.

They, no doubt, thought they were doing no harm, but, unlike the crows, they were certainly doing no good, and this kind of idle sport is no credit to anybody.

## One Fight Less

WE congratulate the Prefect of the Hautes-Alpes on forbidding a bullfight at Gap.

Bull-fighting is illegal in France, but this disgusting form of amusement has been staged from time to time in the southern parts, and some authorities have winked at the law-breaking. The vigilance and firmness of this law-abiding Prefect will probably mean an end of it—even, let us hope, at St. Raphael, where butchery has been growing popular of late.

Shortly after the French bullfight had been banned a bullfight took place in Madrid, and a toreador named Gavira was so terribly gored by the infuriated bull that he died before the eyes of a callous audience.

But for the Prefect's action this shocking spectacle might have been seen on French soil, and all French patriots must be thankful that this shame was spared them.

## The Room Upstairs

ARE busmen as witty as they were?

We sometimes think they are; we thought so the other day, a pouring wet day, when a clergyman jumped on to a bus down in the East End. The conductor was drenched.

"Any sitting room?" asked the clergyman.

"No, sir," replied the busman; "but there's a bathroom upstairs!"

## Tip-Cat

THEY say that in England everybody brightens up at the sight of an animal. Especially if it is nicely cooked.

THE only way to improve the world is by hard work. And everybody would like to see somebody else doing it.

IT took several minutes to get the train of Marconi's bride out of the car. Why a train in this wireless age?

WE are warned that if we don't get more leisure we shall become impossible people. We can't have any possible leisure then.

A MOUTH-ORGAN centenary and a pea-nut king are both in the news in these days. We look forward to a great revival in at least two of our industries!

## Peter Puck Wants to Know



If the summer sales stir up counter attacks

so excited at having found a new walk in life.

THERE are said to be over 300 sorts of games played with balls. We believe there are 500 sorts of golf alone.

ENGLISH is said to be the richest language in the world. We wonder how some folk can afford to have so much of it.

## A Dean and a Duck

THE Children's Encyclopedia has often been asked what absent-mindedness is. We have just read a story which tells us.

It is of Dean Stanley, who was once host at a small dinner. There was a roast duck, which the Dean tackled. Talking cleverly all the time, he carved without much skill, and by and by the duck shot on to the floor. The Dean was so absorbed that he continued his argument, and did not seem disturbed by the fact that his black cat was in the room and under the table.

Presently a guest ventured to mention the fact.

"Oh, that is all right," said the Dean; "I have my foot on the duck!"

## A Country Child's Petition

NANNY Nature, wise old nurse,  
Guide me on my way,  
Show me how to do my work,  
Teach me how to play;  
No one knows so well as you  
All the ways of fun,  
Mother of the Earth itself,  
Nurse of everyone.

SCHOOL can teach me how to spell,  
How to add and parse,  
How to know that planets aren't  
Quite the same as stars;  
You, without a book or map,  
Other lessons give.  
Nurse of all the birds and flowers,  
Teach me how to live.

(Whispering)

SOMEHOW I'm inclined to think  
Bunny, lamb, and wren  
Know about the ways of fun  
More than lots of men.

The World is Too Much  
With Us.

By an Underground Traveller

CURIOSLY enough, I was reading about Shanghai when I saw it, a wonderful world of colour and fragrance on the edge of the Underground. I folded my paper and decided to miss the next train.

The quaint little shop was sandwiched between a flower stall and a grocer's, but behind its windows was Aladdin's cave, wonderful and weird as the dreams of childhood. I peered in, half fearfully, half eagerly.

Rich yellow silks covered with crabbed Chinese characters embroidered in scarlet and gold hung over quaintly-carved chairs and stools. Dusty idols with heavily-lidded eyes stared from dim corners, fragrant with subtle perfume. I longed to touch the carved ivory fans, the translucent boxes of Chinese amber, the exquisitely-embroidered slippers made for a slender, almond-eyed queen.

## Too Busy to Look

Then I saw him, the silent, watchful keeper of so much beauty. With the magic I knew he must possess he read my thoughts, and brought to the silk-hung doorway a necklace of fruit stones cunningly carved with figures from Chinese fairy lore. Too poor to buy, I gave freely all I had, my homage for the patient, perfect craftsmanship.

The little man's eyes lit up with eagerness as he showed me his treasures, and as I thanked him and turned to go he smiled with pleasure, and added sadly, "Dey are lovely tings. But people hurry by; dey are too busy to look."

Did not Wordsworth say it in another way?

The world is too much with us.

As I unfolded my paper, with its tale of fighting in the East, I thought of the lonely little Chinese in the West. Perhaps he had sons who were being killed at home while the world was passing him by, too busy to look.

I have immortal longings in me.  
Shakespeare



July 23, 1927

The Children's Newspaper

7

## THE PRAYER BOOK

### ACCEPTANCE OF THE REVISED VERSION

#### A Big Change in the Church and Its Meaning

#### MORE FREEDOM FOR OPINION

It was a very important day in the history of the Church of England when the National Assembly approved the Revised Prayer Book.

The Assembly's approval took the form of the adoption of what is called a Measure (something like a Bill in Parliament) which authorises the use of the Revised Prayer Book in churches, not in place of the old one, but simply as an alternative to it.

This Measure will now be submitted to Parliament. That is necessary because the Anglican Church is still the Established Church of England, established by law and controlled by Parliament, though enjoying under Parliament a large degree of self-government. The Measure will first be considered by a Committee of the two Houses of Parliament; then it will go before Lords and Commons like an ordinary Bill, except that they cannot amend it but may only accept or reject it. Then the King's assent will give it the force of law.

#### Disregarding the Extremists

After the debate the Assembly separated into its three Houses of Bishops, Clergy, and Laity to vote on the Measure. The Bishops adopted it by 34 votes to 4, the Clergy by 253 to 37, and the Laity by 230 to 92. The total figures of the three Houses give a majority of 384 out of 650 votes. The voting at the various Diocesan Conferences showed a majority of over 80 per cent for the Measure.

As the speeches at the Assembly showed, the minority against the Measure consisted of people of very opposite opinions. The new Prayer Book is a compromise, and was disapproved both by those who thought it did not make enough change and by those who thought it made too much change, as well as by those who thought, from opposite points of view, that the changes made were in the wrong direction. The voting suggests that the compromise is what a compromise should be, a middle course, reconciling moderate opinion on both sides and disregarding the extremists.

#### What the New Book Aims At

The debate in the Assembly lasted two days. People of every shade of opinion had their say, though speakers found it difficult to express themselves within the ever-shortening time limits imposed as the debate wore on. The venerable Archbishop of Canterbury, now in his eightieth year, presided. The ever-young Sir Edward Clarke, who came to oppose the Measure, and whom the C.N. was glad to see looking as young as ever, is seven years his senior! Other opponents included the Home Secretary and the Solicitor-General.

The new Prayer Book aims at giving greater freedom of opinion than is given in the present book. It is complained that hitherto people have taken liberty that was not given, and to this it is replied that with the wider choice people will be expected to accept and respect the new limitations as they did not accept the old. We shall see. It has always been and always must be a difficult business to control the expression of opinion.

#### THE KING'S MEN

King Fuad of Egypt, on his visit to England, brought with him a number of household officials. These included a Great Chamberlain, a man for ironing his clothes, one head butler and two butlers, a shaving man, a food taster, and a chemist for analysing the food.

## THE OLD LADY IN HER LITTLE SHOP

IN an old house of old Paris is a small haberdashery shop where soldiers are continually going in and out. What can they all be buying there?

The explanation is simple. They are only callers, and address the shopkeeper as Godmother, chatting with her and taking their leave with many expressions of gratitude.

But why is so much notice taken of this simple woman in her little shop? Here is the story, a story deserving to be remembered among the great chronicles of the war.

At the beginning of the war Madame Sautet, having no children of her own, decided to give all she had, money, time, and thoughts, to those who were fighting. From October, 1914, packages

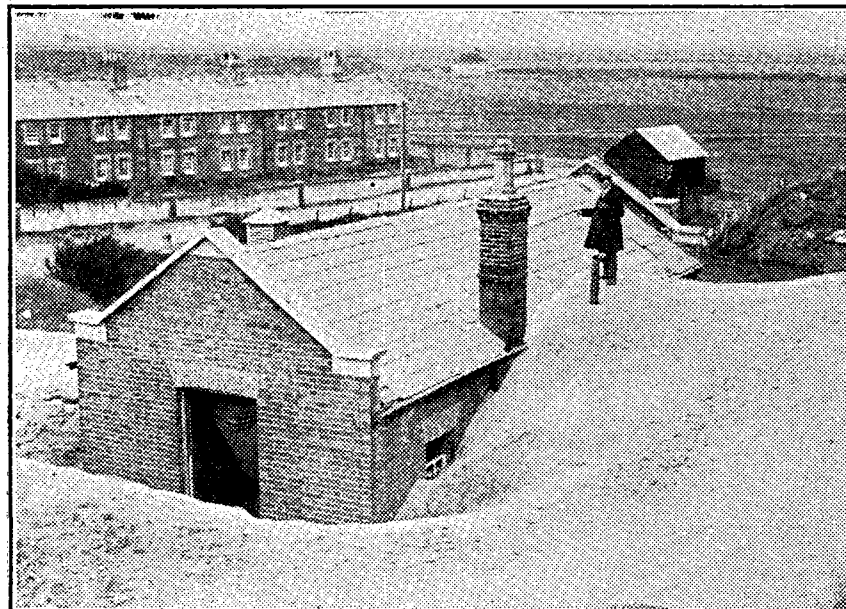
were sent from her little shop by dozens and hundreds with a few words of greeting to the soldiers at the front, and Madame Sautet quietly became godmother to forty foot regiments and ten battalions of chasseurs. When the Armistice came she had given away every penny of her little fortune. But what did that matter? She could work, and work she did, and she was happy.

Today Madame Sautet has another fortune. France has given her the Legion of Honour; but more precious still to her are the ninety thousand letters she has carefully sorted and piled in a big cabinet, a touching testimony to the self-sacrifice of one who herself declares that only by self-sacrifice is true happiness to be obtained.

## THE DESERT OF ENGLAND



A coastguard's house nearly buried



The invading sand reaches the roof of another building

We generally associate the burying of houses by drifting sands with the deserts of Gobi and Sahara; but at Camber, on the Sussex coast, the wind has blown a great mass of sand inland, and two buildings that were once used by coastguards have been almost buried, as shown in these pictures

## NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

Six hundred million tons of rain fell in South-Eastern England the other day.

A mammoth geranium grown in a Cheshire garden, 15 feet high, bore over 500 blooms.

#### New Zealand's Rainfall

Extremely heavy rain has lately fallen in North Island, New Zealand, three inches being recorded in 24 hours.

#### Balloon's Long Trip

A toy balloon sent up at Edgbaston was picked up the next day in a garden in Northern Germany, 470 miles away.

#### Lost and Found

A gold ring lost some years ago was found on the prong of a garden fork when a Winchester clerk was digging his allotment.

An 80-year-old churchman walked 40 miles to attend the 1300th anniversary celebrations at York Minster.

An iron firm has been fined for allowing an outflow into the River Keer, killing 250 trout.

#### Whales Come to Wales

A dolphin whale, 11 feet long and weighing over a ton, has been washed ashore at Porthcawl, in Glamorganshire, together with a baby whale four feet long.

#### An Old Boy of Pinner

Sir Alan Cobham has unveiled, at the Commercial Travellers' School, Pinner, a memorial tablet to his friend Elliott, an old boy of the school, who was killed while flying with him on his flight to Australia.

## THE RING OF QUEEN ELIZABETH

### THRILLING LITTLE THING IN THE AUCTION ROOMS

#### A Doomed Man's Cry that Died Away on the Air

#### THE BOY WHO FAILED

While these pages were being printed men were bidding in a London auction mart for a ring for which proud Queen Elizabeth would have given half her kingdom. It is that ring of gold containing her portrait which she gave to Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, with the promise that of whatsoever crimes his enemies might accuse him on his returning that pledge she would pardon him.

The story is one of the most familiar in our history, and is true. The great queen, as we all know, never married, but she had many suitors, many lovers, who, in spite of her increasing age and waning charms, pretended to see in her the eternal youth and beauty ascribed to the Greek goddesses.

#### Condemned to the Tower

She was 57 when Spenser made her the heroine of his Faerie Queene. She was 60 when Shakespeare, in his Midsummer Night's Dream, paid her an immortal compliment out of the mouth of Oberon, the king of the fairies.

Elizabeth's romances were never more than romantic whims, the sentimental unbending of a queen to inferiors; but though she ennobled and enriched her favourites she had in her the ferocity of the Tudors, the pitiless jealous spirit of her cruel mother, Anne Boleyn, and she could strike down like a tigress.

She could not help signing the death warrant of Essex, for from a position of unrivalled power and popularity he had descended to the rôle of a turbulent traitor and tried to stir London to revolt against her. Naturally he was condemned for treason, and so lay in the Tower under sentence of death.

It was then that he remembered the ring and the promise. Surrounded by enemies whom he could not trust, he looked out of the window of his dungeon and espied a boy in whose face he read good nature and intelligence. To him Essex committed the ring, telling him to take it to Lady Scrope for her to send to the queen.

#### Frantic with Grief

The boy failed him; he carried the jewel, not to Lady Scrope, but to Lady Scrope's sister, the Countess of Nottingham, whose husband was fixedly hostile to Essex. He forbade her to send either the ring or the message, and Elizabeth waited in vain, hoping against hope that her doomed favourite would claim fulfilment of the old pledge.

Essex went to the block; and two years later Lady Nottingham, on her deathbed, sent for the queen and confessed her breach of faith. Elizabeth became frantic with grief, shook the dying woman and cried "God may forgive you, but I never can." She returned to her palace a stricken woman, fasted, and mourned day and night seated on a cushioned floor, and in a fortnight she died.

That is the story of this ring, whose miscarriage cost Elizabeth such sighs and tears and may have destroyed her life. It has now been sold in Christie's famous auction rooms.

## ANIMALS AND MOVIES

### Dogs Refuse to be Moved

A German scientist has been experimenting to ascertain the effect of moving-pictures on various animals.

It transpired that birds, cats, and snakes responded to the motion-pictures as if they had been real, whereas dogs paid no attention whatever.



## WILLIAM BLAKE THE MAN OF SUNSHINE AND SHADOWS

### Lord Crawford's Beautiful Tribute in Saint Paul's MEMORIAL IN THE CRYPT

Who will not read with delight these words from the address of Lord Crawford in unveiling the beautiful memorial to William Blake in St. Paul's?

The tablet, bearing a portrait of Blake and the words Artist, Poet, Mystic, is let in the crypt wall near the memorial to Wren himself.

Wherever they touched the life and works of Blake they found themselves warmed by his sunshine, chilled in his shadows, tortured by his terrors, or fervent in his faith.

They recalled his vision of trees filled with angels or how he wandered among the haymakers while the angels, too, walked in their midst.

#### His True Teachers

His true teachers were the monuments of time in the sanctuaries of eternity. Young as he was, he was long employed to work among the Abbey tombs and chapels—often locked in for hours and hours together till night came down and the mysteries deepened as the light was spent. In those dim sanctuaries was developed that excessive culture of the imaginative faculty, knowing no bounds or limits.

To touch on Blake's home life was to come in contact with things sweet, austere, sacred. Was there ever a wife like his Katharine to share the burden of such a genius? It would seem she never failed him, never doubted the visions which she came to share, nor questioned the source of the revelations, indeed the hallucinations, which must have strained her utmost powers of endurance, struggling as she so often did against acute indigence.

#### Blake's Last Hours

"We may take one last glimpse of him (Lord Crawford concluded) as he lay dying in his little room, Katharine by his side, while with the last pencil bought with the last shilling he draws the Ancient of Days, the old, abiding theme of his life, the Alpha and Omega of his art. The day declines, but the room is aglow with light and filled with songs—no longer Blake's songs, for the spirit's light and voice flow through the poet, whose path is already shining more and more serene as it leads him toward the perfect day."

Below Blake's portrait on the stone slab is inserted the famous verse from one of his poems:

To see a World in a grain of sand,  
And a Heaven in a wild flower;  
Hold Infinity in the palm of your hand,  
And Eternity in an hour.

## THE SHARK INDUSTRY Soap from the Man-Eaters

The shark industry is quite a new one, but it has gradually been developed to a remarkable point of efficiency.

Nowadays very little of the fish is wasted. The flesh, dorsal, and tail fins are used as food, the liver is used in soap-making, the hide is made into leather.

#### YOUR OLD C.N.

Many C.N. readers ask where old copies would be welcomed. A postcard to Miss Tendall, Colonial Correspondence League, 144, Marina, St. Leonards, will bring them the name of one of her overseas members who will be delighted to receive the C.N.

## ONE TONGUE FOR ALL THE WORLD

### Esperanto Arriving A FULL GENERATION OF PROGRESS

It would be a fine thing to have one language which all the world could use. The difficulty is to get the world to agree on the language! The C.N. votes for English.

It is worth noting that Esperanto is steadily gaining favour among nations. The Esperanto Congress at Danzig reminds us that it has now been in existence forty years. Other artificial international languages, as they are called, have come and gone; Esperanto is the first that has held its own and made consistent progress for many years.

It is naturally among the little nations, as well as in distant countries like Japan, that Esperanto is making most progress. No fewer than thirty broadcasting stations send out news regularly in Esperanto, and its gramophone records are rapidly multiplying. It is significant that in Yugo-Slavia notices are printed in Esperanto in international railway carriages.

#### Easy Language to Learn

It is claimed that Esperanto, built on the grammars and word-roots of twenty languages, is itself a living and growing language. The number of books printed in Esperanto now approaches 5000, and there are nearly a hundred magazines. Young Japanese are said to be finding it the best introduction to the world's literature. And the great thing about it is that it can be learned in a fraction of the time that any other language takes.

It has support, too, in high places.

The League of Nations favours its teaching in schools, and the International Labour Office actually publishes its proceedings in Esperanto. A committee of the British Association has approved it. The London County Council and the Paris Chamber of Commerce teach it in commercial schools, and the London Chamber of Commerce examines in it. It is recognised by the International Telegraphic Union. In fact, Esperanto appears to be arriving.

## BREATHING SOOT

### More Power to Deal with Smoke

#### A NEW ACT IN FORCE

A new Act of Parliament has just come into force increasing the powers of local authorities to deal with smoky factory chimneys.

They may make their own by-laws and set up their own standards of what is a nuisance, and may increase the penalties. It is hoped district conferences will be held to agree on a plan of campaign.

While we continue to allow three million tons of soot to be emptied every year into the air we breathe we can hardly be called a clean people. Yet the new Act does not touch the real trouble. Four-fifths of the soot comes from domestic fireplaces, and a Committee of Inquiry recommended that in future no housing schemes should be approved which did not make provision for cooking and heating without smoke. That has not been done, though the Ministry of Health has urged local authorities to do all they can to encourage the building of such houses.

In one London housing scheme there are 1200 houses, costing less than £600 each, all provided with fires, cookers, and hot-water circulators run by gas. But what it is believed would make the greatest revolution is the production of a cheap fuel that would bring the visible comfort of a coal fire without producing the smoke.

## THE MONKEY HILL AT THE ZOO

### Trouble Among the Baboons

#### A NEW BABY

By Our Zoo Correspondent

The baboons on the Monkey Hill at the Zoo have been very quarrelsome and aggressive lately, so thirty female Hamadryad baboons have been put on the hill in the hope that their presence may make the colony more peaceful.

Hitherto there have been only six females on the hill, and as they were under special protection and guarded fiercely the keepers have had to be careful not to annoy them, for when startled they raise a loud cry to announce that they are in danger.

#### Dignified Retreat

On several occasions the keepers, while sweeping on the hill, have had to beat a slow and dignified retreat without turning their backs on the baboons, and as the slightest sign of alarm on the part of the men would at once bring matters to a crisis it was decided that something should be done to make the animals less ferocious. The presence of a number of females should make the male baboons feel that their wives are strong enough to protect themselves, and it is now hoped that there will be less jealousy and fewer battles.

A few of these new baboons brought their children with them. One baboon has a son about three weeks old, and as her offspring is not yet old enough to look after himself mother and baby have been put in a cage by themselves.

It is some time since the Zoo had a baby monkey, and this little creature is most interesting. Although his mother's fur is brown and his father's grey the baby is thinly covered with black hair, and he has a wizened, careworn face.

#### A Troublesome Baby

Unlike members of the cat and dog families the mother baboon does not pick up her offspring and carry him; the baby climbs on to the parent, and then clings to her body with his arms and legs. This is why a monkey does not like to be lifted by his keepers, but prefers to jump into their arms.

The new Zoo baby is an exacting, peevish infant, for unless his mother nurses him continually he shrieks loudly. If in desperation she pushes him from her and seeks a few moments peace in a far corner of the cage he totters after her, crying bitterly. But if anyone looks closely at her baby the mother baboon forgets everything else, and, clasping the little one in her arms, she glares at the intruder and tries to conceal her precious charge.

## OLD CROSBY HALL

### The Home of Sir Thomas More

Old Crosby Hall, once the home of Sir Thomas More, is adding a new chapter to its strange, eventful history.

Since its removal from Bishopsgate to Chelsea it has become a hostel for women students, as the C.N. has already explained; and now a new wing has been added to replace the one destroyed in the Great Fire of London. In this wing has been set up for the International Federation of University Women a hall of residence for women graduates, where university women from 27 countries may live.

Similar centres already exist in Washington, Paris, Athens, and Rome. There are study-bedrooms for 47 women. The Queen has furnished one room, the Queen of Norway another, and a third has been furnished by admirers of Dr. Garrett Fawcett in celebration of her eightieth birthday.

The new wing was formally opened by the Queen the other day in the presence of a wonderful assembly of women in brilliant academic gowns.

## TWO BRIDGES

### AN OLD ONE AND A NEW ONE

#### The Boats on the Rhine and the Concrete on the Clyde COLOGNE LOSES A FAMILIAR SIGHT

While Cologne was breaking up a very old type of bridge the other day workmen in Glasgow were at work on the very newest.

Huge crowds in gala dress crowded the banks of the Rhine, and there was music and pageantry when the bridge of boats at Cologne was removed. Although it is an old idea to make bridges in this way, the one at Cologne was only formed in 1887. For forty years it has been a picturesque feature of the river, but perhaps it was not very comfortable in rough weather, and the citizens have chosen a large bridge of the ordinary sort instead.

#### Glasgow's Pride

There must have been many children who were sorry to see the boats towed away, and many grey-haired folk will sigh to think how they and the bridge were once young together.

The bridge at Glasgow is very different. It has three spans, the side spans being 122 feet and the centre one 165. It is carried out in reinforced concrete, and stands on fourteen caissons sunk 56 feet below high water. The bridge is very graceful, but sturdy enough to carry a fleet of tractors and lorries weighing 195 tons. It is to be called the Oswald Street Bridge, and the people of Glasgow are very proud of it, for it has been called the most ambitious concrete project carried out in Great Britain, and it is one of the strongest road bridges in the world.

Yet we wonder if some people would not rather have that old dancing bridge of boats now banished from the Rhine!

## THE HALF-FARE

### Queer Point That Has Been Overlooked

#### THE RAILWAY'S INJUSTICE TO CHILDREN

An injustice has been going on unnoticed for some years.

When a law was passed to fix the age at which children should travel on the railways for half-fare it was decided that they should have this advantage until they left school. In those days the school-leaving age was 12, and so a law was passed fixing the end of the half-fare period at 12. After children left the elementary school they began to be wage-earners, and the arrangement was just.

But the school-leaving age is now 14, and the half-fare age has not been raised to meet the difference. Apparently no one thought about it, but now the matter has been mooted by the Secretary of the English Schools Rugby Football Union, and we may hope that something will be done.

A reform of the half-fare system would help the cause of education as well as the cause of sport, and it would be an act of justice to children which everyone would appreciate.

#### In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

Four folio editions of Shakespeare	£6000
A portrait by F. Winterhalter	£3937
W. Painter's Palace of Pleasure	£1900
MS. signed by Sir Francis Drake	£580
A painting by Gainsborough	£462
Four letters of Nelson	£236
Paper signed by Dr. Johnson	£200
An old Italian marriage chest	£160
An embroidered Stuart casket	£63



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The Children's Newspaper

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## THE ARAB AND HIS POST

### Story of Its First Stamp THE NEVER-TURN-BACK MEN

Stamp collectors have probably admired the first Arab postage stamps used for Mesopotamia without knowing who designed them.

The artist is an English lady, Miss Edith Cheesman, who went off into the desert to make sketches for the stamps in 1922. An artist should have gone with a camel caravan, but we are obliged to confess that she travelled in a car, and was escorted by another car in which there were native policemen armed with rifles to keep off robbers. However, the expedition passed off without any adventures.

#### The Standard-bearer

One of the stamps designed shows the Standard-bearer of the Dulaim Camel Corps. This corps was founded in 1920 by Captain Leslie Williams, and its duty is to keep the peace between quarrelsome tribes. It is a sort of desert police force, but the members do not wear a hideous European uniform or do European drill.

They are Bedouins through and through, and their Standard-bearer is described by Miss Cheesman as a handsome man with a scarlet head-cloth, blue tunic, white sleeves which nearly sweep the ground, and a sword magnificently sheathed in gold and ivory, while his camel is a white animal trapped out in orange, green, and scarlet, with a magenta saddle-cover.

#### A Fine Tradition

But the corps is not composed of mere dandies. The men are as loyal and brave as any in the world. There is a tradition with them that their standard must never retreat, and this is so passionately held that they refuse to turn back even when they are on the march. Miss Cheesman tells of an occasion when at the end of the day the corps came to a bad camping-ground and the English commandant wanted to go back to a good place they had passed a short while before, but the men refused to retire, and the corps marched on for another hour before they found a good place.

Such is the story of the 8 annas stamp of Mesopotamia, a beautiful stamp with a fine history behind it, a stamp romantic enough for that man of ill-fame Haroun-al-Raschid. Miss Cheesman is to be congratulated on her work, and the authorities are to be congratulated on having appointed her to do it.

## SALVATION ARMY FLAG ON A LINER

### 700 People with Homes Waiting

A White Star liner is going to Australia flying the flag of the Salvation Army.

For a long time the Salvation Army has been chartering liners to take organised parties of settlers to Canada; now it is beginning to do the same for Australia. The White Star liner Vedic will sail from Liverpool in the autumn with 700 emigrants, for every one of whom work or a home is waiting in Australia. Two hundred of them are young men who are to work on the land, four hundred are young women who are to do domestic work, and the rest are families.

When the first General Booth started his emigration work he gave instructions that the Army should do for the third-class passenger or emigrant what Cook's do for the tourist, and the regular programme now is to make a conducted tour of emigration, chartering liners, settling the emigrants, and looking after them when they are settled. Of the 180,000 men, women, and children settled by the Army 99 per cent have made good. The few failures are brought back to where they came from.

## ONE DAY THIS WEEK IN ART

### The Home of British Painting

The Tate Gallery was opened on July 21, 1897.

The National Gallery, Millbank, generally known as The Tate, is an institution which English people prize very highly.

The Gallery had its beginnings in the work of that enthusiastic lover of British art Sir Francis Chantrey the sculptor. Almost a hundred years ago Sir Francis began to agitate about a separate gallery to be devoted to the work of English sculptors and painters. When he died he left a large fortune in trust for the furthering of British art. Since 1863 nearly one hundred and sixty thousand pounds have been given for the same purpose by various lovers of art in this country, and a large number of valuable bequests in pictures and sculpture.

#### A Fine Gift to the Nation

Sir Henry Tate, whose name will never be forgotten, was the next great friend of British art. He had already made a gift of pictures of great value, largely the work of modern artists, thinking that they would be the start of this British gallery which was so much wanted. But the authorities said the paintings could be housed in one of the Exhibition rooms at South Kensington.

Sir Henry did not agree to this, and settled the matter by building a gallery himself. He offered to spend eighty thousand pounds on it, provided the Government would find a good site. After some debate it was decided to place the new gallery on the Embankment. Sir Henry called in Sidney R. J. Smith as architect, saw the business through, and then made a formal present of the new gallery to the Government.

The building was opened on July 21, 1897. Two years later it was enlarged. In 1910 the Turner Wing was thrown out, designed by Romaine Walker. During June, 1926, several new rooms were opened to relieve the crowded halls and make room for further additions, among them the Sargent pictures.

#### Opportunities for Students

The name of the Tate Gallery will long cling to the fine building, based on a free adaptation of the classic style and flanked by pleasant green stretches, that overlooks the quiet river. A more suitable home for English genius could not be found. In gratitude to the public-spiritedness of one man a subscription list was opened, and in 1898 a bust of Sir Henry Tate was set between two columns in the Central Hall.

The whole history of British painting is laid out in this building. Students can wander from room to room and study the peculiar qualities of English genius. There are a great many pictures by Hogarth, called the Father of English painting, canvases by all the portrait painters, some fine paintings by Constable, the Father of English landscape work, and on into the great field of nineteenth and twentieth-century art in this country.

#### A Mystic Painter

The huge Turner bequest is housed here, pictures which seem like a history of art in themselves. Crowds of visitors from Overseas come to the Tate to pay their homage to one of the world's supreme geniuses. Here also we can see the strange drawings of Blake, that mystic painter who wrote poems of the most exquisite simplicity, and drew allegorical pictures which were doubtless simple to him but call for much imagination on the part of the student who would like to understand them.

Imagination and receptivity are the two qualities largely cultivated in the minds of art lovers, and here at home, in the work of Turner and Blake alone, is one of the finest training-grounds in the world.

## A LINCOLN MAN'S GREAT LEGACY

### Beautiful Home of Beautiful Things

#### THE USHER GALLERY

"He might as well have asked me to sell him my children."

So said James Ward Usher when a South African millionaire wanted to buy his collection of miniatures to take home to his wife and asked him to name his own price. Yet it was Mr. Usher's profession to sell beautiful things, for he kept a silversmith's shop in Lincoln.

Not long ago the Prince of Wales opened a stately building on the slope of the hill on which Lincoln Cathedral stands. In it is a collection of antique watches, gold boxes, porcelains, the enamels for which Battersea was once famous, some rare old pieces of silver, and miniatures. It is the Usher Art Gallery, built with a £50,000 legacy from the silversmith, and gallery and collection are the property of the citizens of Lincoln. It is a beautiful home of beautiful things.

#### A Priceless Collection

When first Mr. Usher began his collection he made two rules for himself: never to buy anything but the best, but when the best was found to buy it regardless of the price! As the collection grew he began to worry about its future. He had no children, and he feared that anyone he bequeathed it to would only sell it. To leave it to the nation would be to swamp it in bigger collections. So he decided to leave it to his native city with money to build a home for it; and then he was happy.

Ten years ago Mr. Usher issued an edition of 300 copies of a magnificent volume containing descriptions and pictures of his treasures. The pictures, eighty of them, were reproduced from his own water-colour drawings, made with infinite care, which it had taken fifteen years to produce.

The miniatures coveted by the millionaire include specimens of the work of all the leading miniature artists, and many of them are of the greatest historical value. Wellington, Napoleon, Marlborough, and Washington are represented, besides kings and queens and famous beauties.

Thus does a fine old city gain added distinction from its possession of the loved children of this childless man.

## STONE AGE TOOLS Mr. Reid Moir Tries an Experiment

Many of us must have wondered how Stone Age Man used his flint tools, and it is interesting to learn that Mr. Reid Moir has made some flint implements himself, and has been using them for experiments in shaping wood.

Mr. Moir took some flints and with a hard quartzite hammer-stone flaked them into the form of an axe, flat-based planes, and a pointed specimen for boring purposes. Then he mounted the axe in a split stick bound with string, and found that with this he could cut branches up to three inches in diameter. Some of these pieces of wood he formed into stakes or spear-heads by roughly sharpening one end with the axe and smoothing it off with the planes. He has also managed to perforate deal half an inch thick with a flint borer and to saw off a good-sized branch of an elm tree with a flint flake.

Mr. Reid Moir found that much patience was required in the work, but he also found that with suitable flints it is possible to shape wood in the same way as with steel tools. He concludes, therefore, that from the earliest times prehistoric man used wood for various purposes, and this supposition is supported by the fact that many of the flint implements found are admirably adapted for shaping this material.

## ANOTHER ECLIPSE

### ALGOL'S DARK COMPANION

#### Seeing an Event that Took Place 84 Years Ago

#### PERSEID METEORS ARRIVE

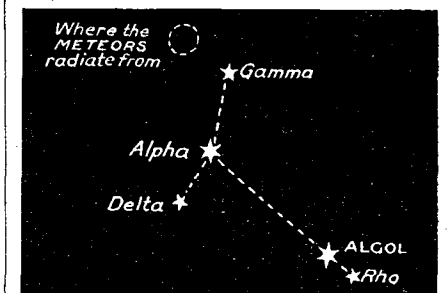
By the C.N. Astronomer

The emergence from partial eclipse of Algol the Demon Star of Perseus may be conveniently witnessed next Friday, July 29.

Then this brilliant second-magnitude star will be seen to regain its customary brilliance after having apparently lost five-sixths of its light and declined to an insignificant star of nearly fourth magnitude.

The constellation of Perseus will be easily found with the aid of the star map low down over the north-east horizon as soon as it is dark.

If the observer looks for Algol at 10 p.m., or soon after, the star will be at about the middle of its eclipse, comparatively faint, and not so bright as Delta in Perseus. But in the course of the next three hours and a half Algol



Where to look for Algol and the Perseid meteors

will be seen to regain its normal brilliance, and will then be almost as bright as Alpha. During this time the great dark world which revolves round Algol will have gradually moved from between us and that great sun, which is calculated to be 1,060,000 miles in diameter, one-fourth wider than our Sun. The body that revolves round Algol is so immense that it seems more of a dark companion than a planet. It is actually about as large as our Sun, some 840,000 miles in diameter, and so nearly 1,300,000 times the size of our little world.

Estimated to be less than three million miles apart, both these bodies revolve in orbits, due to their mutual attraction, and both take 2 days 20 hours 49 minutes to complete a revolution. But the orbit of the dark companion is much larger than Algol's, so actually it revolves round Algol as a central sun.

#### The Famous Meteors

As it takes nearly 2 days and 21 hours before the eclipse is repeated it becomes quite easy to calculate the times of successive minima. It will be found, however, that it will not be till the middle of August that another opportunity will occur of witnessing this far-off eclipse at a convenient hour of darkness.

It should be remembered that what we see occurred 84 years ago, for during all this time Algol's diminished light recording the occurrence has been travelling across the dark abyss of space between us and that radiant sun. Over 100 of these stellar suns which are periodically partially eclipsed are known to astronomers, but Algol is the brightest and most striking example.

The Perseus region is of increasing interest just now, for the famous Perseid meteors are beginning to arrive. So while observing Algol it is most probable that some of these so-called shooting-stars may be seen producing their bright streaks of light as they enter the Earth's atmosphere and are immediately burned up. G. F. M.

**Other Worlds.** In the evening Venus west, Mars north of west, Saturn south-west, Jupiter and Uranus east.



# THE RIVER PIRATES

A Tale of Adventure By Herbert Strang

## CHAPTER 33 The Sagging Chain

IN the hurry of flight Michael's intention had been simply to escape the pursuers and rejoin his friends on the Bantam. He had hoped to cross the swamp before Mirski and his crew had been able to discover the chain; but their arrival on the scene had introduced a new element into the problem.

"We must wait and see what they do," he said to Lo Fing when he overtook him and the others among the brushwood. "Come, let us watch."

They returned to the edge of the swamp, and there, concealed by a belt of reeds, they crouched to watch in the glow of the setting sun the proceedings of the Russian and the Chinese who had now joined him on the farther side.

Mirski was in the act of refilling his automatic from a belt round his waist. At the same time he was speaking to the Chinese, and though Michael could not hear his words their import was obvious from the urgency of his manner. Clearly he was explaining how the fugitives had crossed the swamp, and was pressing his men to follow.

They, however, hung back. At first they eyed the chain doubtfully; then one of them took it up and pulled at it as if questioning whether it would bear their weight. Mirski began to storm. He pointed across the swamp. From his gestures it was clear that he was declaring that where the fugitives had gone there the pursuers might also go. He became more and more vehement, threatening them with his revolver; but the Chinese were still reluctant to attempt the adventure, and their voices were raised in shrill argument or expostulation.

At length Mirski suddenly stuck the revolver into his belt and, calling on the Chinese to follow him, started to swing himself along the chain. After a momentary hesitation the Chinese came up behind him.

Michael had to make up his mind quickly what to do. Mirski must not be allowed to carry the pursuit within sight of the launch, but it was impossible to drive him back. He was armed with a revolver; his men had rifles slung at their backs, and possibly knives or pistols somewhere about their persons. Michael and his little party were wholly unarmed; they would be at the pursuers' mercy if once they crossed the swamp.

Lo Fing had grasped the situation. Pointing to the tree to which the chain was attached, he beckoned to Ah Sung to accompany him, hurried to the tree, and, with the boy's help, set about loosening the chain.

The pursuers were half-way across when they became aware that the chain was sagging. Mirski began to quicken his progress, but the Chinese halted, hung motionless for a few seconds; then, realising their peril, convulsively swung themselves round to regain the shore from which they had started. But they were too late. Their feet were already in the ooze of the swamp; the chain to which they were desperately clinging sank down and down, until it was level with the slimy surface.

Like the Chinese, Mirski had now come to a halt. Being nearer the tree, his plight was not yet so desperate as theirs, but the chain was still inexorably sinking, and Michael saw fear in his eyes. Behind him the Chinese, half in and half out of the mire, were struggling frantically to keep their heads above the surface, their danger increasing with every movement they made. One was extended along the chain; another had one knee over it, a third an arm. In a few more seconds they would

have disappeared beneath the mud, and as they saw the imminence of their doom they filled the air with shrieks of terror.

Michael had been so much occupied in watching them that he did not realise the full implication of Lo Fing's doings until it was almost too late. There was a swift battle in his mind between justice and mercy. Should he leave these wretches to their fate? The Russian, if he had his deserts, might be allowed to perish; but the Chinese were his minions and thralls, acting under stress.

With the terrified shrieks of the Chinese in his ears Michael sprang up, rushed to the tree, pulled Ah Sung away, and saying "It is enough, Lo Fing," prevented the farmer from slackening the chain any farther.

"But, honourable sir, they are not yet dead," said Lo Fing in surprise. "As one of our wise men of old said, When the nut falls, then is the time to crack it. We need only wait a few minutes and those evil-doers will be no more."

"We have a better way," replied Michael. "Tighten the chain; but not much. Stand ready to slacken or tighten at my word."

He hurried back to the edge of the swamp. As they felt the chain tighten the Chinese had ceased their cries, and Mirski was beginning to move again.

"Stay!" said Michael. "Mr. Mirski, you see that you are at my mercy. I have only to order the loosening of the chain and you and your men will meet a miserable death. That is clear, I think."

The Russian did not answer in words, but gave a sullen nod.

"Very well, then," Michael went on. "Being at my mercy, you will do exactly as I say. I will allow you and your men to cross to this side, and so save your lives, on one condition. You will hand over your arms to me, and you will accompany me wherever I choose to take you, without hesitation. Is that understood?"

Mirski nodded again.

"Then you may come, one at a time. Tell your men not one of them is to move till I give a signal."

The Russian gave the required order, then pulled himself along the chain until he reached dry land. He was at once seized by Hi Fo, who held him firmly while Michael relieved him of his revolver.

"Stand yonder," said Michael. "If you make a move to escape it will be the worse for you."

Then he signed to the Chinese still clinging to the chain. Exhausted by fright and their exertions, the four men crawled one by one painfully ashore. As, smothered in mud and slime, they stepped on to dry land Michael took from each what weapons he carried and lined them up beside Mirski.

"Tell them what I have already told you," Michael said to the Russian: "that you must all come without question where I lead. You are my prisoners."

The Chinese were too glad to have escaped with their lives to offer any opposition. Lo Fing relaxed the chain until the greater part of its length was sunk beneath the mud. Then the Russian and his men were formed up in single file; Lo Fing put himself at the head; Michael, with Ah Sung and Hi Fo carrying the captured weapons, posted himself in the rear; and so they started on the last stage to the launch.

## CHAPTER 34 A Night Voyage

THERE was still a remnant of twilight in the sky when the strange procession came within sight of the launch, but the light was not strong enough to reveal the identity of the marching figures to the anxious watchers on board.

"Ahoy! who goes there?" came Tim Bunce's big voice over the water.

"Friends!" called Michael. "And all's well—or nearly all," he added in an undertone, remembering that Larry was still awaiting deliverance.

Faithful to discipline, Bunce did not leave the deck, but waited beside Chang until the procession came to a halt.

"Why, what's this, sir?" he asked, running his eye over the prisoners.

"A little haul we've made, Bunce," Michael replied, "and as soon as we have disposed of our catch I'll tell you all about it."

"Uncommon queer catch, I call it! But what's your orders, sir?"

"Tie these men up in a seaman-like way, with special attention to the white man. Then put them somewhere near at hand, but not too near, and see that they don't escape while we are talking over the next step. I've found my brother, Bunce; you'll be glad to hear that; but we have still to get him away."

With such ropes and cords as were available Bunce made short work of tying the Chinese together. Mirski, when his turn came, began to protest, but Michael cut him short.

"You may spare your breath, Mr. Mirski. Realise that the situation has changed, and make the best of it. I've neither time nor inclination to argue with you."

When all the prisoners were pinioned they were placed in the midst of a clump of bushes, with Ah Sung on guard. The Chinese boy seemed to relish his position. He squatted near his fellow-countrymen gently fingering his knife, and was heard to tell them that if they made the slightest attempt either to escape or to make such noises as might be heard by any of their friends who might pass along the creek they would instantly be thrown into the pool.

"Now for a council of war," said Michael. "But first of all I want to know how you got to know what had happened to me."

"Why, sir, it was like this," said Bunce. "We were getting a bit anxious, especially as we heard parties on the creek not far away, and I couldn't help thinking they might be a-hunting after you. And I began to think all was up when I saw a Chinik coming toward us—this gentleman here"—he pointed to Hi Fo, Lo Fing's friend. "They've found out where the Bantam is, thinks I, and we've come to the last chapter."

"But this gentleman he sang out something in his Chinese lingo to Ah Sung, and Ah Sung jumps up and says, 'Sah, he hab catchee plison'—his funny way of saying that you'd been nabbed. He talked

a lot to Mr. Chang in his own tongue, and really it's a mercy Mr. Chang speaks proper English, or it would have taken me a week to understand what Ah Sung meant."

"Anyway, I did understand at last that you and Mr. Lo Fing were caged, and there was we in a regular quandary. Being English, I thought twas my place to set a course straight for you, but Mr. Chang he said I'd only be nabbed too, which was common sense, and so in the end Mr. Chang and Ah Sung settled between 'em that the boy should go with the Chinese gentleman what had kindly brought the news, and they made a plan betwixt 'em that struck me as uncommon good; and so it was, for here you are, and with prisoners too. However did you manage to turn the tables, sir?"

"The whole story must wait, Bunce," replied Michael. "I want to get back to my brother. He's shut up in a cage—"

"In a cage!" Bunce ejaculated.

"Yes; that's the pretty idea of Mr. Ming Wang Tang. Larry is in a strong cage in the pirate's fort, and I promised him to be back within twenty-four hours with a file to cut through the bars. Time's getting on. He'll be feeling very anxious, for me as much as for himself. And I'm anxious too, for the pirate will soon hear of what happened at the village and our escape, and he may take revenge on my brother. But listen!"

Sounds of shouting came from the direction of the creek. The party on the deck of the Bantam kept silence for a few minutes.

"Probably a search party hunting for you," said Chang.

Bunce caught up one of the captured rifles, slipped over on to the shore, and stood over the prisoners until the sounds had died away.

"They surely won't keep up the search all night?" Michael resumed. "They can't hope to find us in the darkness. Well, I must somehow or other get back to the fort, as I promised Larry. Tired as he must be, Mr. Lo will, I am sure, guide me again."

The farmer nodded in agreement. "But we can't venture to go the same way we went last night, past the joss-house. Though I don't suppose the pirates will search far afield, during the night they are almost certain to watch the neighbourhood of the joss-house. How can we go, Mr. Lo?"

"We had better float up the creek on the tide," said the farmer. "It is connected with the lake. The way is long and roundabout, but it will be the safest."

"And Mr. Hi Fo came here in a sampan," said Chang, "which, I believe, is still hidden in the reeds. That will attract less attention, if it is seen, than the Bantam's dinghy."

"That's a good idea. The question is who is to go with me? Mr. Lo must be the guide. I should like Ah Sung to come; he is a man of resource, and—"

"Let me come," said Chang. "I have done very little to help you so far, and I may come in useful."

"That's very good of you. Bunce will keep a good watch on the prisoners, I'm sure."

"Begging your pardon, sir, it seems to me I'd be more use having a whack at those pirates than doing a sort of policeman's job here."

"I think you had better stay to keep an eye on Mirski. He's a slippery customer."

"Very well, sir. Orders is orders."

"Then we'll ask Mr. Hi Fo to fetch his sampan, and we'll set off."

The sampan was hidden in the reeds about a quarter mile down the creek. Hi Fo had no difficulty in finding it, and it was soon lying against the side of the launch.

It was dark. The moon had not yet risen. All was silent around Michael, with his three companions, dropped into the sampan, and they set off on their six-mile voyage up the creek.

## Five-Minute Story

### The Rescue

IN a grim old tower in Aberdeenshire, with walls ten feet thick (the first stone house in Mar, so it is said), built on arches at the beginning, and entered on the second storey by a ladder, there stood for centuries an ancient charter chest which held the chief treasure of a long-descended family, the title-deed to all its possessions, an ancient hunting-knife, or skene, and this is its story.

Over nine hundred years ago Malcolm, King of Scotland, second of his name, was walking in the wild woods alone.

Lengthy of limb and light of foot, he had outstripped all his following. Not that he cared; he had conquered his country's enemies the Danes, with their winged hats, at Morlich, and killed their leader, so he had reason to be glad of heart and to fear nothing as he made his way southward. The shadows of night were falling when he entered the wood of Kilblan.

There was a rustle in the undergrowth, a gleam of baleful green eyes, and another enemy was upon him, a four-footed one this time, a great grey wolf.

The king aimed a blow which missed its mark as the wolf winced away like a shadow. In return it came past at a gallop, sinking its fangs deep in Malcolm's knee.

Miles into the forest the wolf followed the king, slashing at his limbs and snarling at his heels, being beaten off, time and again, by the wounded and weakening Malcolm.

Fiercer grew the pursuit. At last the king took to desperate flight, from the wood of Kilblan to the forest of Stocker, near Aberdeen, bounded by the brook of Broadrach.

At the burn the wolf came up with the king, who had fallen on the ground, unable to flee farther.

The bushes parted and a young Highlander appeared, who flung himself between the wild beast and its prey. Wrapping his plaid round his left hand, he thrust it between the wolf's jaws; with the other hand he drew his skene from his side and stabbed it to the heart.

"Who art thou, so ready with thy skene in my hour of need?" asked Malcolm.

"The youngest son of Donald of the Isles," was the reply.

"Be known as Skene ever after, and the lands, too, which I shall give thee as a reward," said King Malcolm, "from the brook of Broadrach, which bounds the freedom of the town of Aberdeen, for five miles west, to the place where the wolf first attacked me. And on thy banner thou shalt carry three wolves' heads and three skenes."

So the king caused the youth, the lands, and the great loch therein to be called Skene, after the dirk which had saved him, and which was treasured by young Donald's descendants from that time, the year 1014

## The Magazine That is DIFFERENT

The monthly companion of the C.N. is different from any other magazine in the world, and for this very reason it appeals to a very wide circle of readers. Here are a few titles taken at random from the August number, now on sale everywhere, price one shilling.

**The Sacrifice of Our Young Men**  
What For?

**The Crown and Pride of England**  
What is Wrong With Westminster?

**What a Red Indian Woman Did**  
Opening a Way Through the Rockies

**The Round Table of King Arthur**  
The Boy Scout Spirit Long Ago  
**Caesar's Governor of Britain**

The Noblest Roman on Our British Roll

**The Children of the League**  
Younger Brothers of the Human Race

**The Homeland of Jesus**  
Photogravure pictures of the Life in it Today

There are hosts of other articles, stories, poems, puzzles, and there are more than a hundred pictures, many of which are printed in photogravure and in colours. Make sure of your copy by buying it now. Ask for

**MY MAGAZINE**

TO BE CONTINUED



July 23, 1927

The Children's Newspaper

II



# The Bees Go Booming Through the Flowers



## THE BRAN TUB

### What Are We?

WE are airy little creatures,  
All of different forms and  
features.  
One of us in glass is set,  
One of us you'll find in jet,  
A third you'll find in tin,  
And the fourth a box within;  
If the fifth you should pursue  
It can never fly from you.

Answer next week

### The C.N. Natural Portrait Gallery



The Great Dane

The Great Dane, or German Boarhound, is the largest European representative of the mastiff group of dogs. It is a well-proportioned animal with slender limbs and large, full eyes. Introduced to Great Britain in 1870, its fine appearance and faithful disposition rapidly made it a favourite. It is still used in hunting in the Black Forest, but its general use is as a watchdog.

### Ici On Parle Français



Le rideau Un estropié La manchette

Le rideau n'est qu'à moitié tiré.  
Ayez pitié de ce petit estropié.  
J'ai préparé des manchettes propres.

### Is Your Name Peverel?

THERE is undying romance in the name Peverel since Sir Walter Scott wrote his famous story. Yet its origin is prosaic enough. An older form of the name is Pepperell, while in Domesday Book there is a Piperellus. It comes from the Latin piper, meaning pepper, so that the first Peverel must have been a relation of Peter Piper who picked a peck of pepper!

### Proverbs About Promises

A PROMISE attended to is a debt settled.  
A promise delayed is justice deferred.  
A promise neglected is an untruth told.  
All promises are either broken or kept.  
Better deny at once than promise long.  
Men apt to promise are apt to forget.

### Next Week's Nature Calendar

THE second broods of goldfinches and young swifts are fledged. The songs of the hedge sparrow and blackcap cease. The turtle-dove is last heard. The grayling and small skipper butterflies appear. The common grasshopper crinks. The large marsh grasshopper appears. The red hemp-nettle, dwarf elder, common feverfew, gipsywort, hairy mint, knotted spurrey, wild teasel, common calamint, and wild angelica are in flower.



Looking South  
8 a.m., July 25

### On a Seat in Kent

THE paper that once held the sticky sweet,  
The sandwich, and the other things we eat;  
The box from which the cigarettes are fled,  
Banana skins, tram tickets, white and red;  
These, scattered, spoil the beauty all should share.  
The basket waits; please think, and place them there.

### A Painting in Hiding

MY first is in cricket but not in ball,  
My second's in whisper but not in call,  
My third is in bevy but not in shoal,  
My fourth is in rumble but not in roll,  
My fifth is in talent but not in gift,  
My sixth is in fissure but not in rift,  
My seventh's in castle but not in fort,  
My eighth is in starboard but not in port,  
My ninth is in trotting but not in walk,  
My tenth is in crayon but not in chalk,  
My whole is the work of an artist great,  
Think now with care and the answer state.

Answer next week

### Changeling

S	A	L	E
C	A	S	H



Change the word Sale into Cash with only three intervening links, altering one letter at a time and making a common word with each change. The pictures will help you.

Answer next week

## Jacko in Mid-Air

JACKO hardly slept a wink one night. He was terrifically excited because the holidays had come round and he was going to the seaside the next day.

"I'm sure it will be wet," he kept saying to himself dismally.

But it wasn't; it was fine. Mrs. Jacko said she had never known such a lovely day. She bustled round and hurried up breakfast so that they could catch an early train.

Jacko really began to enjoy himself once they were off, although he still watched the sky rather anxiously. But once he caught sight of the sea he forgot all about the weather.

"Coo! This suits me down to the ground!" he exclaimed, looking at the sea and the cliffs and the pier and the man selling chocolates and ice creams.

As usual there was a discussion as to what everybody was going to do. The only person who didn't say where he was going was Jacko. He just disappeared.

"I suppose he will be all right," said Mrs. Jacko anxiously. "Anyhow, he's big enough to take care of himself and I'm not going to spoil such a lovely day by worrying."

As a matter of fact Mrs. Jacko would have worried a good deal if she had known what Jacko was up to. First of all he ran into the town and bought some rope, and then he wandered along the top of the cliffs. He had heard that some very rare



When Jacko landed the whole thing collapsed

birds lived in the cliffs, and he badly wanted to have a look at their nests.

Nothing much could be seen from the top of the cliffs, and Jacko wasted a lot of time peering over the edge in the hope of seeing a nest. At last he tied the rope to a bush and began to let himself down.

The cliff was very steep, and Jacko found that it wasn't at all easy letting oneself down by a rope. He kept on spinning round and round, and every now and then he barked his shins or elbows on a rock.

"I don't think much of this," he said, gasping, when he managed at last to find a foothold.

But he didn't keep his foothold very long, for suddenly there was a funny clucking noise and a most terrifying-looking bird came out of a hole in the rock and flew at him.

Poor Jacko had the shock of his life. He gave a loud yell, slid twenty feet, and the next moment was spinning helplessly through the air.

Fortunately his fall was broken by a tent on the beach below. The whole thing collapsed when he landed on top of it. The people inside were furious! They were having lunch and, of course, everything was spoiled.

"It's a mercy we weren't hurt," said a lady, picking herself up out of the ruins.

"It's a mercy I wasn't!" said Jacko, walking away. He had had enough of Monkeyville cliffs to last him a long time.

### A Puzzle in Rhyme

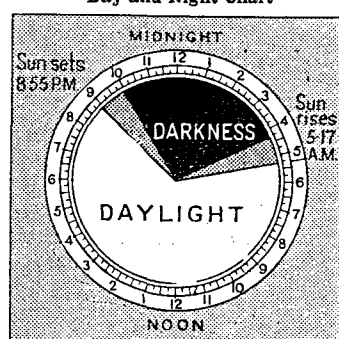
I'm very often seen on the ground,  
On water and on land I'm found;  
I'm flat, I'm smooth, and, as you'll see,  
The water does discover me.  
I'm used by men in various trades;  
When found, I place men in their grades;  
And now five letters tell my name,  
Forwards or backwards, I'm the same.

Answer next week

### How the Magnolia Got Its Name

MAGNOLIA is a family of plants named after Pierre Magnol, a famous French botanist who lived in the seventeenth century. Some of these plants are evergreen and others shed their leaves annually.

### Day and Night Chart



Darkness, twilight, and daylight in the middle of next week. The daylight grows shorter each day.

## D! MERRYMAN

### The Wrong Schooling

PROUD Father, to the village school-master: Tom tells me you've been teaching him grammar and geography. But I must tell you I'm not going to make him a parson, nor a sea captain neither, so grammar and geography will be no use to him. Just you give him a plain business education!

### A Fly's-Eye View



THE dangers that I have to face  
Would drive some people  
frantic;  
For all alone (buzzed Airman Fly),  
I'm crossing the Atlantic!

### Let Us Be Accurate

LOOK at that horrid black-beetle!  
You mustn't call it a black-beetle.  
It isn't a beetle and it isn't black.  
You must call it a cockroach.  
But why, when it isn't a roach and it isn't a cock?  
No answer.

### Old Adolphus

OLD Adolphus being very ill the physician was sent for. He examined him carefully and wrote a prescription.

"Very serious," he said to the wife, "but with this medicine I hope we can help him. Have you any scales?"

"Yes, but no weights."

"Never mind; put a one-franc coin in the scales and measure out the weight twice daily. I shall call again tomorrow."

The doctor did call on the morrow, but the man was much worse.

"I am afraid it is the medicine," lamented the poor wife; "he got worse at once after taking it the first time."

"Indeed, Mother Adolphus! Did you follow the instructions?"

"Sure I did. I put the franc in the scales. As a matter of fact, I had not got a one-franc coin, but I put in twenty new sous to make up the franc; just as good, Doctor, just as good!"

### A Miner's Grumble

ON his hill stood a Mole, and said he:  
It's this fine mountain air that suits me,  
But, alas! my food's found  
In a hole underground,  
Where I'm stuffy as stuffy can be!

### ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

#### Cross Word Puzzle

Here is the answer to last week's cross word puzzle:

Word Changing	HEART	BRIBE
Legate, eagle, eagle	EBB	OVAA
Who Was He?	DO	SIGNS
Leonardo	GNARL	APAGE
Beheaded Word	EYRIE	NAMED
Price, rice, ice	UNREADY	
	COMA	ELLIS
	AA	GRUFF
	STRAY	AUGER
	ERA	SLY
	DAD	LOT
		MAY

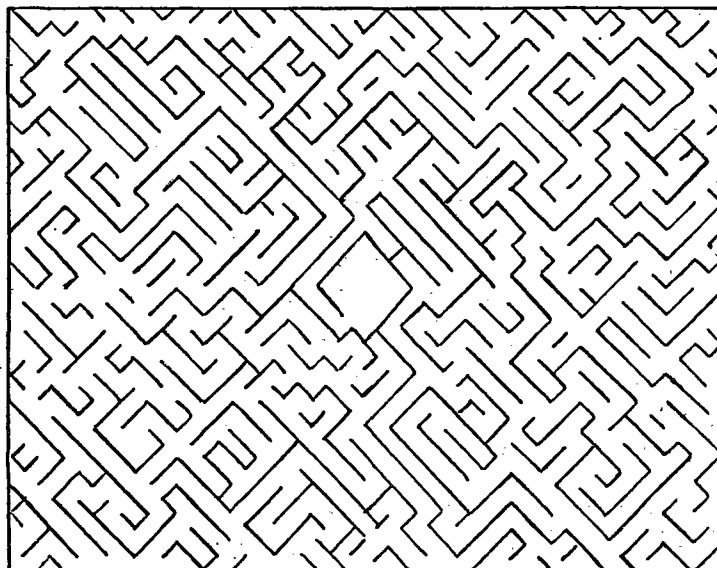
#### A Picture Puzzle

gaTE, fuNnel, keYS, cannON—Tennyson.

#### An Enigma Ring

Who Was He?

The Best Roman Emperor was Trajan



Take a pencil and, starting at the middle of the bottom edge, trace your way through this maze to the space in the centre



The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

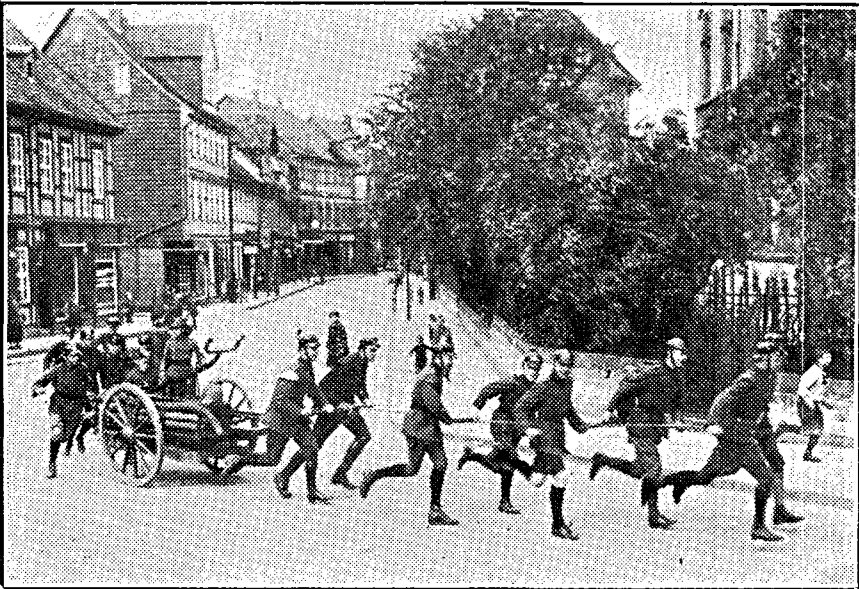
# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

July 23, 1927

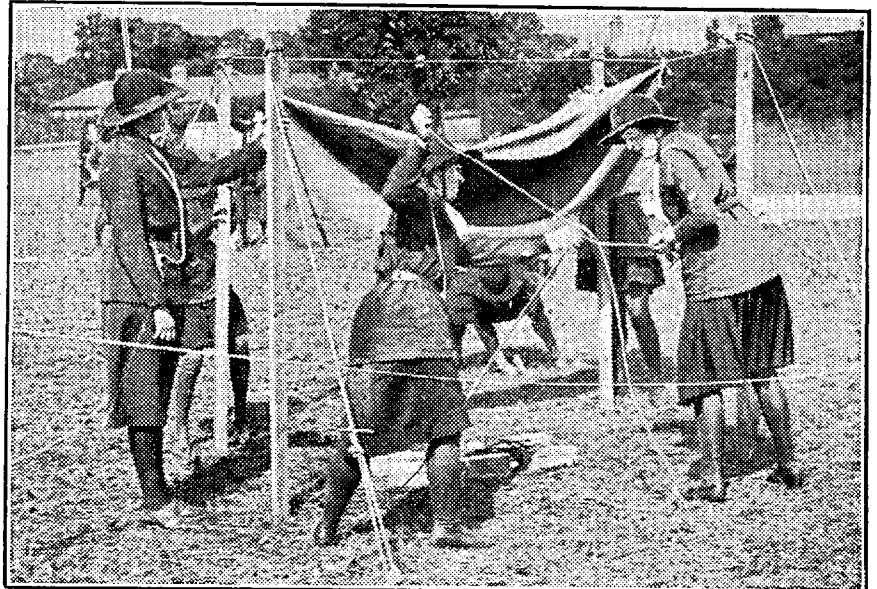
Every Thursday, 2d.

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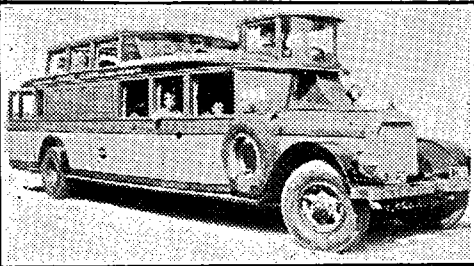
## A LAND LINER • TOBOGGANING ON THE WATER • OSTRICH IN HARNESS



**Boys' Fire Brigade**—The headmaster of a school in the German town of Harz has formed a well-equipped fire brigade of boys. Here we see them at practice with their hand pump.



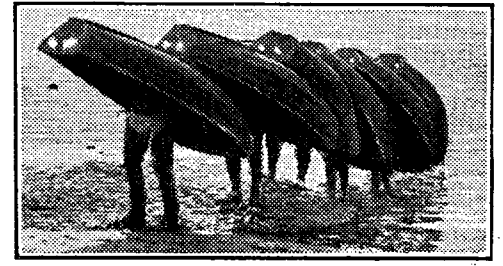
**Girl Guides Build a Cookhouse**—Many Girl Guides are now preparing to spend their holidays in camp, and in this picture from Harrogate we see some girls building a camp kitchen.



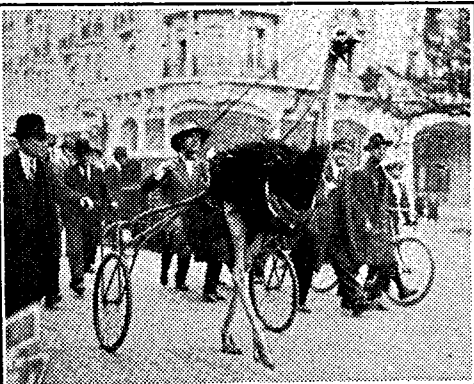
**A Land Liner**—This picture shows a motor-coach in which people travel long distances in California. It has a raised observation deck and a kitchen, from which meals are served during the journey.



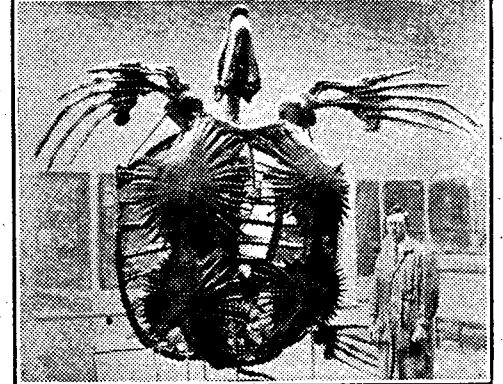
**Tobogganing on the Water**—For warm days there is no sport more refreshing and amusing than that shown in this picture. The girl is balancing herself on a small raft which is towed rapidly through the water by a motor-launch.



**The Water Beetles**—This picture looks as if it might show a procession of water beetles, but it is only a number of men removing boats from the boating pond at New Brighton, on the Mersey.



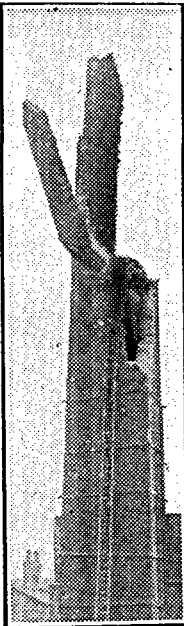
**An Ostrich in Harness**—This ostrich attracted a great deal of attention from the holiday-makers at Nice when its owner drove it along the promenade.



**A Turtle's Skeleton**—In the Peabody Museum at New Haven, Connecticut, is a fine collection of prehistoric remains, including this skeleton of a giant turtle.



**Lambs as Pets**—Miss Laura Harris, of Silsoe, Bedfordshire, is here seen with three of her pet lambs, which follow her about and even answer to their names like dogs. They greatly enjoy being taken for a ride in her car.



**The Fall of a Giant**—This London chimney was pulled down by a lorry. See page 2.



**The Ant-eater's Dinner**—An ant-eater at the Taronga Park Zoo, Sydney, is here seen having his dinner of two pounds of minced meat and four eggs in half a gallon of warm milk. He likes this as much as his natural food.

## THE SACRIFICE OF OUR YOUNG MEN. WHAT FOR?—SEE MY MAGAZINE FOR AUGUST

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